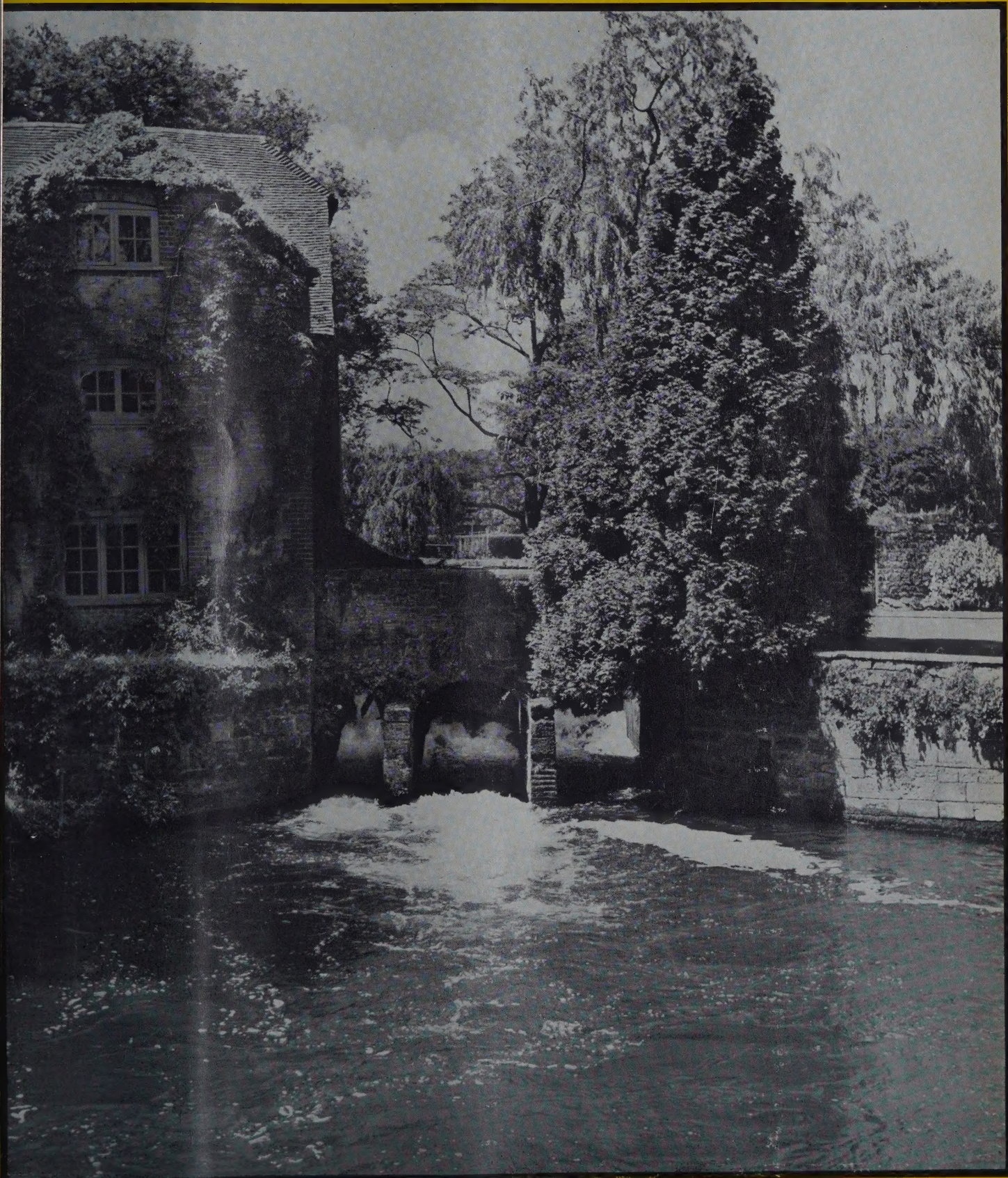


AUTUMN IN A LAKELAND DALE

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CXXII No. 3167

SEPTEMBER 26, 1957



Pearl Freeman

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COUNTRY LIFE

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NEW TOWNS IN OLD CITIES

THE suburban lawn may be the salvation of the city," suggests a writer in *Fortune*, summing up epigrammatically the advantages that have attracted and the toils that progressively weary the commuter. In America no less than here he traces the beginning of a reverse drift of population, no longer from the streets to the fields but back to the metropolis from the leap-frogged suburbs that no longer compensate by their environment for the torture of travelling to and fro. But for a return to the cities to become an effective reality presupposes provision of other amenities than barrack-like blocks of cells: variety of architecture, and of accommodation for different income groups, in a setting comparable to our new towns but built within old cities. This *cri-de-coeur* from Chicago expresses very closely the conception underlying the latest scheme presented to the Court of Common Council for developing the Barbican site in the City as a self-contained residential neighbourhood of varied character. Using almost the same words, Sir William Holford describes it as "a constructive proposal to reverse the drift from the centre of cities, . . . loaded with significance for the future of London."

Unlike the previous schemes, which almost certainly aimed to concentrate too much, too ambitiously, on a site surrounded by already densely used areas, the plan of Chamberlin, Powell and Bon (the City's private consultants) is wholly residential, providing 2,243 flats with accommodation for 6,000, but with open spaces, an open-air theatre, schools, two colleges transferred from elsewhere, St. Giles's Church and an ancient monument—the Roman Wall. It involves the 25 acres between Barbican itself and London Wall, leaving the strip southwards towards St. Paul's to reshape itself as a "commercial fringe" on either side of the new "Route II" and reserving 10 acres northward for subsequent development. In its present form the plan is largely that published in May, 1956, consisting in 8-storey horizontal ranges variously aligned, and three much higher "towers." But it has not yet been worked out in detail, and the proposal to circulate a prospectus for ascertaining the extent and nature of the demand is a sound one. It is not settled, for instance, whether the scheme shall be confined to the upper and middle, or include the lower income groups also; the Committee maintain that the last are being fully provided for within the City by the Golden-lane flats shortly to be opened. It does seem desirable, however, if the social objects of the scheme are to be fulfilled, and a living "neighbourhood" created, that the flats should be occupied by permanent residents and not as mid-week dormitories by people living principally out of town.

On the estimated cost of £17 million and the proposed range of rents between £180 and £350 a year, there is envisaged a net annual loss to rates of about £20,000 and to the other City funds of £17,000. Any considerable reduction in the yield would add to this responsibility, which opponents of the scheme already consider too heavy for the City. They are outweighed, however, by the benefits offered on every other count.

FOOD AND POPULATION

OVER the last few years agricultural production as a whole in the world has been increasing at the rate of about 3 per cent annually. The population of the world has been increasing too, but food production has fully kept pace; indeed it has increased rather more than one per cent. faster than population. This satisfactory picture is given by the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations in *The State of Food and Agriculture, 1957*. Some years ago there was loose talk about two-thirds of the world's people suffering from malnutrition. To-day F.A.O. refers to "inadequate and unbalanced diets" as being still the common lot of more than half of the world's population.

POT-POURRI

*In a blue-veined jar
Dark bruised petals lie,
Giving out their subtle scent,
Aromatic, dry.*

*So the flowers there
Haunt the dusky room;
Deep red roses, lavender,
Seem again to bloom.*

IRENE H. LEWIS.

Any threat there was of acute famine has receded. It is good furthermore to read that a very rapid growth of demand for the more valuable protective foods, such as milk and vegetables, results from even a small increase in average incomes in countries which are at an early stage in economic development. No doubt there is scope for expanded markets as the underdeveloped regions build up their economies, but are we not too apt to regard as necessary and desirable for the whole world the level of nutrition which has been developed in North America, the United Kingdom and other countries where living standards are high?

EFFICIENCY OR SELF-GOVERNMENT?

MANY who give their time to local government must have been surprised that so earnest a person as Sir John Wolfenden could pose the question, "What would be lost if . . . local government were scrapped next week and the whole administration of the country undertaken by local agents of the central authority?" Such citizens must have been even more surprised by the answer he gave to his own question. He appeared to suggest that the exchange might not be a bad one. He could not see such agents being necessarily less sympathetic to local needs "than those who are now responsible." He even allowed the possibility that from the point of view of sheer efficiency "some such 'nationalisation' of local government would be just as good as the present system." It may be that Sir John was speaking ironically, but there are undoubtedly disillusioned people who are thinking thus of local government. But there are many more who, while not disputing the possibility of officials' governing more efficiently, share the familiar opinion of the late Lord Hewart that government by officials would end in the officials' being suspended from lamp-posts by an indignant and ungrateful populace. In the view of the great majority only self-government is good government, and, in local government, that means government by elected representatives possessing real authority. Anything else is bad government because it will fail to win that acceptance by the governed which is indispensable to stability. Government by amateurs may mean less efficiency, but as between freedom and efficiency this nation chooses freedom. That is the reason the Government is wise in

promoting legislation to rescue local government from the semi-nationalised position into which it has been manoeuvred, and to restore real authority to local bodies.

PLANT HORMONES AND FLOWER SEX

IT has been known for many years that the reproductive processes of flowers, like other aspects of plant growth, are largely controlled by auxins, or plant hormones as we now call them. At the recent British Association meeting Professor J. Heslop-Harrison, of Belfast, described experiments in which, by treatment with auxins, the male part of a ragged robin flower (which is bi-sexual) was prevented from developing, while the growth of the female part was increased. In another experiment the male flowers of hemp plants were changed into females, which is particularly surprising because the male and female blooms are quite different in shape. The practical possibilities of this work are obvious enough: with many crop plants it is desirable to reduce or eliminate male flowers, either to increase fruiting—as in the case of water melons, which in an overheated greenhouse on hot days, produce only male flowers—or where cross-pollination must be avoided, as in the production of pure seed strains or "hybrid vigour" tomatoes. It seems probable that change of flower sex will soon be added to the many ways in which extracted or synthetic auxins are already used on a practical scale to control plant growth as man requires. Exactly how these substances work is still far from clear; indeed, as was mentioned in the British Association discussion, practice in growth-regulating substances has far outrun theory.

SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISING

IT is one of the great merits of wireless and television as contrasted with a sermon or an after-dinner speech that if we do not like it we can free ourselves with a single click: on the instant we are listeners or viewers no longer. Now, however, it appears that by the machinations of a too ingenious man in America that mysterious thing, our sub-conscious, can be enslaved even when we think ourselves free. He has invented a demoniacal device which he calls "Subliminal advertising"; he flashes advertisements on to the screen at the speed of thought—a fraction of a second for one complete article—and though we may believe that we remember nothing about it, nevertheless, it has found a tiny nook in our subconscious wherein it can nestle. The result, according to American experiments, is positively alarming. Without knowing why, but driven on by some strange force, we shall desert our seats, rush over into the lobby and besiege the "vending machines" which provide a brand of popcorn of which to the best of our knowledge we have never heard. Our habitual purchases of popcorn will be increased by 57.7 per cent. Clearly if we do not want to become popcorn addicts we must keep away from the too insidious screen!

THE CHIMP'S CHALLENGE

A CHIMPANZEE capable of painting pictures was sure to attract the attention of scientists, and most people will feel grateful to Dr. Julian Huxley and Dr. Desmond Morris for ensuring that the work of Congo, a resident of the London Zoo, should be put on show, with the artist in attendance. In a sense it was a one-man exhibition, but not quite. Congo having a rival in Betsy, a chimpanzee domiciled in Baltimore, some of her work was sent across the Atlantic to be shown with Congo's. Betsy was not present, and thus Congo monopolised any glory that was going. But that was not much, for appreciation seems to have been qualified by lack of unanimity about what the artist was trying to say. That perhaps was inevitable because the pictures were abstract patterns, always liable to be variously interpreted. Still, such a lack of understanding should not disturb the adventurous artist battling courageously against convention. It must be at least 20 years since the late Sir Charles Cochran presented to musical London a singing duck, but no vocalist has yet been known to complain of having suffered by this competition.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

"**M**RS. BEETON strictly on one side," says a correspondent, "would you seriously advise anyone to eat carp?" I wouldn't press anyone to eat anything I haven't eaten myself and I haven't eaten carp, but a lot of people have. The other day my brother arrived with an old angling book which he thought I might like to read. It was Francis Francis's *A Book on Angling*, first published about ninety years ago. Francis Francis tried carp in distinguished company and, as he put it, in great state. "Decked with capers and lemon, and smelling savoury of spices and sauces, we all allowed that it *looked* good," he remarked. "James (James Lowe, former editor of the *Critic*) helped us all to a good round morsel each. Every fork was plunged into the delicacy, every mouth received its mouthful with tender, anxious expectation. Every eye was beaming at one moment with calm delight—the next, you never saw such an alteration of feature: agony, horror, dismay! . . . It was beyond any capability I possessed to swallow it; others got rid of it and gasped for 'brandy and water' . . . Every man pushed his chair back and cried, 'Take it away!' . . . and I have never tasted carp since. In many places carp are tamed so that they will come and feed out of their keeper's hand and will even come to his whistle or any other accustomed signal. Possibly, kept in stews and a clear running stream for some time, and fed on bread and milk, as in the monkish times, they may improve somewhat."

WHILE I am on the subject of fish and fishing, Francis Francis had something to say about catching eels and described clod fishing (the use of worsted sometimes called clatting) for eels, a method that seems to have been almost universal at one time. Ahead of clod fishing Francis Francis places "snigging," which strikes me as having more art to it than getting the eel to bite on a hank of wool. Snigging involves the use of six yards of line and a large darning needle attached to the line by a knot fastened in the middle of the needle. A snigging stick eight to ten feet long is then cut from a hazel or alder and used to place the worm bait at the eel's lair. "Taking then a lobworm," says the author, "he must thrust the needle into the worm until it be hidden within it, then sticking the point of the needle lightly into the end of the stick, and holding one end of the string in the left hand and the stick in the right, the angler must prospect and look out for some likely hole in the bank, under a stone, or the side of lock walls, etc., which may be likely to hold an eel; and, directing the worm at the point of the stick towards the hole, it should be thrust as far as practicable into it. If an eel be there, he will immediately seize it, and pull it from the stick; when the angler feels the tug, he should draw the stick gently away from the spot, and give the eel time to swallow the worm; when he has reason to think he has done so, he must give a slight pull, and the needle, which has gone inside the worm straight down the eel's throat, will turn across his gullet and hook him safely."

One day, if my fishing seasons continue to be so bad as this one, I may try my hand at snigging for eels. I have never tasted eel in my life, although friends tell me I have missed a great treat.

SETTING lines in the sea is a very old way of fishing, but the other day I saw an interesting variation of it. The fisherman, who had just landed a five-pound bass, used a rock to which he attached a rope. At the end of the rope was fastened a good-sized airtight can and the hooks were attached to the rope on short lengths of brown line. As the tide rose the "float" carried the bait to varying heights in



"WELL, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD"

Molly Jones

the water, keeping it out of the reach of crabs and so on. The simplest way, I was told, was to row out and drop the rock at half tide and return to it as the tide ran out again. The catch varied from flounders to bass and, with care, the gulls got none.

LAST year I watched a pair of shelduck taking it in turns to head off dogs that might have caught their family as they toddled towards the tide. One bird flew in and kept a few yards ahead of the racing dogs until it had lured them at least half a mile across the sand. In the meantime the parent not so engaged hurried the family along. The other day we were passing a piece of water when I again saw something like this going on. A brood of ducklings were afloat and a large retriever seemed to be considering the merits of swimming out to them, when both parents alighted on the bank a few yards away and flapped along the water's edge. Immediately the dog gave chase. By the time he had recovered his wits the ducklings were safely across in the tall grass on the far side of the water.

Shelducks always seem devoted parents, and it is a grand sight to see the duck leading her family along to the water. Mallards are much more inclined to take the air and leave their young to fend for themselves. Perhaps this is not altogether surprising. The mallard duckling is dappled and well camouflaged. It is rarely left on an open piece of ground, while the shelduck has no option, nine times out of ten, for her haunts are sandbanks and mud flats along the sides of rivers and estuaries. Where can a shelduck hide, except in the water? It is surprising, however, to find that the young, once they are afloat in tidal and rather broken water, are after all not without a natural camouflage. The duck and drake are not inconspicuous on the muds and are far from blending with their background when they are in flight, but if this were not so I for one would be rather sorry. They are quite the handsomest thing one can see flying up or down river in bright sunlight.

WHILE we were meandering along in the car the other day I was asked to stop. Someone, I was told, had hung a hare on the fence a few yards back. I stopped and went back. The "hare" turned out to be a fox with its brush cut off. Its hind feet had been lashed together with a few strands of hay. I wanted some fox fur for fly tying, but the state of the corpse proved too much for me. The best fur was on the heels, but I couldn't pluck it out and hold my nose at the same time. I got back into

the car and one of my passengers asked me why the fox had been hung up like that. This stumped me. I couldn't say, and yet I have done the same thing with vermin myself, hanging up a crow I have shot, without thinking that it might serve to scare off others. Hanging up a dead animal is a country practice, although in some places the rule is to bury anything likely to decompose. I have some recollection that the deeds in some places have a condition attaching to them concerning the burying of animals. I suppose there is some old and obscure reason for hanging up a dead bird or animal. Perhaps it hastens decomposition to some extent. Certainly carrion and even blow-flies are likely to discover the corpse quicker if it is rotting above ground level.

The old-fashioned gamekeeper's larder was a different matter, and its sole purpose was to advertise and display the man's industry. The owner of a big shoot wanted evidence in the form of magpies, stoats, weasels, jays and crows. I remember once taking a short cut through a covert and finding myself almost enmeshed in one of these grisly displays. I could never understand why the keeper's work wasn't estimated by the bag at the end of a season. I don't think anyone ever stayed close enough to count the rotting birds and rodents that were kept in the mortuary.

THE controversy as to whether one should smoke or not doesn't affect me, because I haven't smoked for at least twelve years. The oldest inhabitant puts down the secret of his long life to having had his jug of ale and pipe of tobacco every day without fail, and he is just as sure of this fact as the oldest inhabitant in the next place, who claims that he has lived to be ninety-nine by doing just the opposite. Smoking keeps moths out of the clothes and ash helps the carpet, I am sometimes assured. My clothes seem to wear out before the moths really get at them, and I am still not convinced, but the one thing I am fairly certain about is that the man who doesn't smoke has a better chance of catching fish. Tobacco leaves a certain flavour on anything the smoker touches, and fish are most sensitive to flavour imparted to the water by the bait, or even, I think, to the fly.

I have sometimes scented the approach of a pipe-smoking angler while he has been as much as three hundred yards away. I am sure the trout is just as sensitive to tar or nicotine, but how content could a pipe-smoking angler be without his pipe? I, for one, should hate to meet him on a day when the fish were being equally awkward.

AUTUMN IN A LAKELAND DALE

Written and Illustrated by W. A. POUCHER

THE number of people who spend their Lakeland holidays in the autumn is relatively small, and especially so when compared with the immense invasion of the district that takes place during July and August. The reason usually given against a vacation in the later season is that the days are then so much shorter than those of the summer months. This is, of course, true, but those with an eye for dramatic colour and subtle lighting choose October every time in preference to the earlier months, because the beauty of the variegated hues of this glowing landscape more than compensates for the shorter hours of daylight.

Moreover, there is another advantage that should not be overlooked, and that is the ease with which accommodation can be found in the autumn. For then the crowds have gone and

about the district—and it is so small that most places can be reached easily from almost anywhere—then I would recommend Grasmere as a well-situated centre.

On this occasion I have chosen Langdale as my subject. Although it is usually regarded as one of the lakeless valleys, despite the placing of Elterwater at its foot and of Blea Tarn near its head, its colouring is nevertheless exquisite at this season and charming fell walks abound. It should be borne in mind, however, that in October the weather can be chilly and even very cold on the tops, so it is advisable to bring plenty of warm clothing, including three or four thin woollen sweaters and, of course, a wind jacket, which is essential.

Each Lakeland dale displays certain topographical features that are peculiar to

road to Little Langdale, they appear as a majestic group above the trees embowering the cottages of Elterwater village. The dale proper is entered at Chapel Stile, and just beyond the hamlet their full stature is revealed for the first time: a glorious prospect on a sunny evening when the waning light illuminates the twisting floor of the dale and at the same time outlines the peaks in silhouette (Fig. 1).

The dale now curves gracefully to the west and as one advances its head comes gradually into view. There is no better viewpoint than Pye Howe Farm, whose situation on the right, just above the road, opens up a comprehensive prospect of Crinkle Crag, with Crinkle Gill in shadow in the middle. The whole chain is hemmed in on the left by Pike of Blisco and on the right by Bow Fell, whose top appears



1.—EVENING IN LANGDALE, WITH THE LANGDALE PIKES ON THE SKYLINE. The author recommends a holiday here in the autumn, as there are finer natural colours and fewer tourists than in the summer

are replaced only by the connoisseur, who has no need to book his room in advance, as he can walk into almost any hotel in the district and secure a bed. In fact, after spending several autumns in Lakeland I can say with truth that, with the possible exception of two inns in Borrowdale, I have never found more than a handful of visitors at any hotel in the valleys.

Prospective autumn visitors have often asked me to name the best valley in which to stay, but I always reply, and never facetiously, that, as I love them all and as it is impossible to compare beauty, I am unable to give any advice or preference. Of course, everything depends upon individual tastes, and those who want to spend their holiday admiring the colourful setting of the lakes themselves have a wide choice in Ullswater, Derwentwater, Buttermere and Wastwater. If they are more interested in fell walking, then Borrowdale, Wasdale and Langdale have much in their favour, as they are so admirably placed. But if they want to drive

itself, but it is doubtful if any of them can boast a landmark equal to that of the Langdale Pikes, whose sublime profile, seen clearly from afar, acts as an irresistible magnet which sooner or later draws every visitor to this enchanting valley. One of the first and most inviting views of the Pikes is obtained from Low Wood on Lake Windermere, where the Conistone Fells, Crinkle Crag and Bowfell lead the eye across this distant serrated skyline to rest finally upon their characteristic and conspicuous tops on the right. But several miles have to be covered before they are seen again from the road into the dale, and it is here that the pedestrian scores over the motorist, because if one walks along the path from Skelwith Bridge to Elterwater they burst suddenly upon the view when the shore of this reedy lake is reached, and its dappled blue makes a sparkling foil to the scene.

However, there is some compensation for the motorist, because when he drives along the high ground above the lake, near the fork in the

above the slopes of the Pikes (Fig. 3). A mile ahead the first hotel is reached and in another mile the second, beyond which accommodation may also be found at either Stool End or Wall End, the last habitations in the dale.

I always like to have an easy day after a long journey, and one of the most repaying in Langdale for both scenery and colour involves a gentle heathery ascent of only about 1,000 feet to the undulating plateau of Lingmoor Fell. But on the way there are some dainty things to see, and the first objective should be Blea Tarn. Some may prefer to ascend the twisting road past Wall End which opens up one of the best retrospects of Mickleden, while others will desert it after crossing Great Langdale Beck and climb the grassy path to the gate on the skyline. The shimmering surface of the tarn appears below and the shortest way to it is by a rather boggy path, whereas if one follows the more circuitous road past Blea Tarn House, known to thousands as Solitary, a drier approach is ensured.



2.—“THE MAGNIFICENT GREY-GREEN FRONT OF THE CRAGGY PIKES”: A VIEW ACROSS BLEA TARN

An extensive wood at one time covered the hillside to the west of Blea Tarn, but now there are only sufficient trees, mainly birches and firs, to give a touch of woodland beauty to the scene. The best viewpoint is on the south side of the tarn, and if the walker is lucky enough to be there on a windless morning the majestic front of the Pikes will be faithfully mirrored at his feet. There is a kaleidoscopic array of colour in this basin; the blue and its reflections are bosomed in a golden carpet which is hemmed in on the far side by the fiery russets of the dead bracken cloaking Kettle Crag and Side Pike, while the opening between them reveals the magnificent grey-green front of the craggy Pikes (Fig. 2).

The slopes of Lingmoor Fell rise immediately to the east, but it is advisable to return to Solitary and then ascend a conspicuous shelf which peters out on the plateau. A gentle descent northwards through heather and bracken leads down to Lingmoor Tarn, a reedy pool with a circular islet in its centre. This is a secluded spot, well protected from the wind, and a pleasant place to have lunch. The return walk may be varied by turning westwards and crossing the higher ground which eventually falls to Side Pike, whence a direct line may be taken downhill for the hotels in the dale.

If the next day is clear an opportunity should be taken to walk over the Pikes, for not only is the scenery delightful, but as height is gained the spacious views gradually unfolded are most rewarding. The route could almost be described as a circular walk and it may be taken in either direction, but photographers who wish to take advantage of the lighting should ascend by way of Dungeon Gill and descend by Mill Gill. The path begins at a gate behind the hotel and mounts gradually to Dungeon Gill, displaying at this time of year a wealth of fiery-red bracken across the whole hillside. Beyond the waterfall, almost hidden by dense foliage, the path goes to the left of the streams, but lovers of wild

beauty should ascend the gorge beside it, which in retrospect yields a distant glimpse of Windermere. Thereafter the path winds uphill to Loft Crag, but by diverging to the left at its steepest section one may obtain a close view of Gimmer Crag, a favourite playground of the rock climber. The craggy summit of Loft Crag is an excellent viewpoint, because it discloses the fine

elevation of Pike of Stickle so near at hand, as well as a comprehensive bird's-eye view of Rossett Gill (Fig. 4).

There is a rough path up to the cairn crowning this rocky eminence, which is famous for one of the best views of Bow Fell and Gimmer Crag. It also clearly shows the track to Harrison Stickle, which, after a wet spell involves the



3.—CRINKLE CRAGS SEEN FROM PYE HOWE FARM IN LANGDALE. On the left is Pike of Blisco and on the right Bow Fell

crossing of some boggy ground. This is the reigning peak of the group, with its cairn at a height of 2,401 feet, and is remarkable for its almost horizontal ridge of crags. The panorama is magnificent and in the south-east reveals the scintillating surfaces of three lakes, but it is the long line of fells to the west that will hold the gaze, and particularly those extending from Bow Fell to Great Gable, above which appears the summit of Scafell Pike, the highest peak in England (Fig. 5).

There are two routes to Stickle Tarn; one of them is rather steep and goes direct to the tarn, while the other is longer and easier and passes over the crest of Pavey Ark. The gullied front of this fine cliff is the haunt of the rock climber but is not fully disclosed until the tarn is reached. It is a wildly beautiful spot and a place in which to linger on a sunny afternoon; in fact, a party could stay here until late in the day, as the descending track is clearly marked beside Mill Gill and goes right down to the starting-point of the walk.

Photographers who make the circuit of the Pikes in this direction should note that the only inadequately illuminated subject is the western front of Gimmer Crag. It is seen at its best in late afternoon. After completing the walk described, on one occasion I again ascended Pike of Stickle for photography and was lucky enough to see the setting sun paint the cliffs of Gimmer a rosy red; a dramatic aspect that I shall never forget.

Most visitors will be in fit condition after these two walks, and able to tackle a longer and more arduous route. I would, therefore, recommend the ascent of Bow Fell by way of Pike of Blisco and Crinkle Crag. This is a high-level walk with repaying views save of the Pikes themselves, which, strangely enough, lose their fine profile when seen from the west. Kettle Gill is the key to Pike of Blisco, whose large cairn reveals the Crinkles in their true perspective, and in the opposite direction is a charming vista along Langdale, with the Helvellyn range in the background. Red Tarn appears below in the south-west, and is passed on the way to Cold Pike, whence a grassy path rises gradually to the rocky outcrops of Crinkle Crag, 2,816 feet. Its small cairn is well placed for the better vista of Langdale to the east; for the dominance of Bow Fell and its Links to the north; and for the remarkably fine prospect of the Scafell Pikes, which rise grandly to the north-west beyond the depths of Green Hole and Upper Eskdale.



4.—ESK PIKE AND GREAT END, WITH ROSSETT GILL BELOW, SEEN FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT OF PIKE OF STICKLE

The walk over the ups and downs of the broad Crinkle ridge is always a delight, and, after one has passed Shelter Crag the glint of light on the floor of the col ahead indicates the presence of Three Tarns, a good place in which to rest on a sunny afternoon. A steep track rises thereafter to Bow Fell, 2,960 feet, whose lofty isolated summit unfolds a spacious panorama in which the Scafell Pikes again take pride of place. Retracing one's steps in the direction of the col, one finds that the usual descent keeps to the broad grassy ridge of the Band and it terminates at Stool End, a short step from the hotels.

It may well be that after this rather strenuous high-level walk, some will be content to end their holiday with an easier excursion

either to Silver How, or to the more lofty Sergeant Man. But strong walkers will wish to make the conquest of England's highest mountain, Scafell Pike, which involves a distance of upwards of ten miles there and back, with some hard going on the way. On one occasion a party of us extended this excursion to the more distant Scafell and it was five o'clock in the afternoon before we came down to Mickledore which brought us back to our hotel in Langdale too late for dinner. However, the climb to Scafell Pike should be long enough for most and I shall therefore describe the route to this point only.

It is essential to get away early, when the tramp in the morning sunshine along the grassy floor of Mickleden is an enticing prelude to the harder work ahead. The steep Rossett Gill is a well-known test of stamina, and the standard time for its ascent is half an hour from the sheep fold at its foot to the little col beneath Rossett Crag at its head. Some tough young men in our party once frowned upon this figure, but none of them could reduce it by more than three minutes. Continuing uphill, gloomy Angle Tarn is passed on the way to Esk Hause, whence the well trodden path is followed all the way to Scafell Pike, 3,210 feet; the only section where care is needed is the trying descent over the innumerable boulders of Broad Crag, immediately before the final rise to the summit cairn.

There are enchanting vistas throughout the high-level part of the walk: including the long green floor of Langstrath; the grand front of Great Gable; and, towards the end, the splendour of Upper Eskdale far below. The panorama from the roof of England is the culminating feature, and the eastern arc reveals almost every top as far as the Helvellyn range, whereas the western arc is marred by the extensive rocky plateau, whose rim, however, discloses an electrifying view of all the fells in this direction. At this time of year this lofty perch is usually deserted, but in the summer I have counted as many as 60 people round the summit cairn on a sunny day. The easiest way to return is to retrace one's steps all the way, but if this is not enough then on reaching Esk Hause one may make a diversion to take in Esk Pike and Bow Fell.



5.—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF HARRISON STICKLE. "It is the long line of fells to the west that will hold the gaze"

IN SEARCH OF THE CHALK-HILL BLUE

By ROY BEDDINGTON

AS a shooting man I had considered the catching of butterflies the easiest form of sport; as a fisherman I had likened it to the extracting of minnows with a sixpenny net: but how wrong I was to be so complacent. An expedition in pursuit of the chalk-hill blue—a butterfly much sought after by collectors because of its number of variations—soon proved that it needs as much skill to bring to hand an insect flushed on a shoulder of the downs with the wind behind it as an old cock grouse side-slipping high above a deep corrie.

My entomological hunting as a boy had for the most part been confined to the kitchen garden, where I caused much damage to the brassicas as I chased the cabbage whites. I have a feeling, indeed, that when I was paid twopence a dozen for my victims by a horticultural grandmother, I had done more damage in half an hour than my quarry perpetrated in a week of depredation. Later, I began to collect butterflies, counting among my trophies a swallow-tail and a white admiral, but my interest was short-lived and not until a hot day in August after thirty-five years did I renew it; but on this occasion I was attended by an expert entomologist, an association which I would commend to all laymen who wish to learn more about nature, especially if the companion is also a botanist; for only by having someone at his side who knows what everything is does the countryman learn more of the country than he knew before.

Before we set out, I was briefed. The black border on the upper-side of the chalk-hill blue male might vary on the fore-wing or, occasionally, on the hind-wing. The wing might be of a green shade (*viridescens*); it might have variation of the blue (*caeruleo*); it might be albino (very rare) or cinnamon or mother-of-pearl; it might have a bleached fore-wing or a bleached hind-wing, variations termed *trans-formis*, due to pathological reasons, as some kind of disease seems to be the cause of the variations. It might have a suffusion of black pigment, be grey-black or slate grey. The variations on the under-side of the male's wing are mainly concerned with neurulation. The ground colour, which is normally whitish-grey, may vary up to the extreme pure white, while the spots marginal, sub-marginal and basal in three rows may vary in size or in the extreme all be joined together but always inside a cell.

The natural ground colour of the female's upper-side wings is vandyke brown with orange spots on the hind-wings. This may vary from khaki to whole blue (*synggrapha*). Partial blue is termed *semi-synggrapha* and on occasion melanic and albino variations have been noted. The under-side wing is cinnamon brown—a dirty, brownish grey that is difficult to see when the butterfly is in flight.

The more unusual variations in both male and female are known as aberrations. To the professional entomologist these references to the variations of *corydon lysandra* might seem peremptory, but they will suffice for the novice!

On the morning of our outing I was told by my friend that I should supply myself with a net, so that while he engaged the trout I went to the nearest town and bought myself some butter-muslin which I fixed to an old collapsible landing-net. This turned out to be a beginner's error, because although my infernal machine caught butterflies (when I made no air-shot) the opaqueness of the muslin prevented me from seeing what I had caught. But the correct nylon net was unobtainable at the drapers' shops to which I had repaired.

At noon we set out towards the high, chalk downs and as we rounded a bend of the tortuous road that led to them a little owl for some unknown reason flew out of a tree, stalled and crashed on its head in the grass beside the road. Perhaps the air displaced by the moving car was the cause. Perhaps it was diving at something. I do not know; but it was soon airborne again, none the worse for its accident.

On the down itself among a profusion of bird's foot trefoil, harebells and yellow and white

bedstraw we found a clump of marjoram, which the chalk-hill blue likes, but there was no sign of the starry trefoil, which is the plant on which the insect lays its eggs and on which its larvae feed. This was unpromising, especially as I had chosen the locality of our search. But there were compensations.

There were marbled whites, one an old female with red parasites on her back, a female small heath and plenty of meadow browns. There were, too, a small skipper, a primitive genus not far removed from a moth, and, on the ground near it, a dwarf thistle, which is enjoyed as a resting-place by the dark green fritillary—that fastest of fliers—and on which the humming-bird hawk moth lays her eggs; the elephant hawk moth chooses the white bedstraw. But these compensations were insufficient, and we moved on to a big wood that rises from an



"IT REQUIRED FINESSE AND A STEADY APPROACH, CUNNING AND A GOOD DEAL OF PATIENCE"

adjacent valley to an escarpment where there are prehistoric fortifications. I hoped that the terrain on the open slopes above would be more suitable for the object of our quest.

In the main ride of the wood, we watched a female brimstone fluttering through the undergrowth. This butterfly hibernates, to lay its eggs in the following April, so that the early ones we see are the hibernators emerging from their winter quarters. Among the oak trees a purple hairstreak, which looks grey while flying, flitted overhead. Then we saw a gatekeeper and as we lay on the smooth turf eating our lunch we were treated to the spectacle of a silver-washed fritillary, brilliant in the sunshine, orange-brown in colour, seeking a new patch of brambles on which to settle. Near by there was another clump of spear-plumed thistles, which made my companion observe that the caterpillar of the painted lady weaves itself a tent out of the leaves just as the red admiral larva erects itself a habitation on a nettle.

While we watched a small tortoiseshell, I asked a simple question: "What do butterflies feed on?"

I had expected a derisive answer but the reply lacked the scorn it deserved: "They feed on moisture and nectar. If you want to feed a butterfly, you give it sugar and water."

I was learning.

When we emerged on to the open down I was surprised to find ground that in the past had been bare, and, as I hoped, suitable for the chalk-hill blue, now covered by grasses as high as our waists.

"Perhaps it's due to myxomatosis," I suggested. "There were once swarms of rabbits here."

"It might well be," replied my companion.

In this grass, and where it thinned among the old fortifications, we found the brown argus, the female of the common blue, a wall butterfly, more marbled whites and the large, the small and the green-veined white, besides plenty of skippers and small coppers, the caterpillars of which feed on sorrel. We also noted rag-wort bared by the black and orange striped caterpillars of the cinnabar moth, which often have a liking for groundsel as a change of diet. But we had not found the chalk-hill blue.

En route to our next objective we passed through another wood, where we encountered a ringlet and saw a silver-washed fritillary at close quarters on a blackberry bush; but as the grass had grown too high on the down selected, we decided to motor 15 miles to a known haunt of our prey.

No sooner had we parked the car in a disused quarry than we found not one specimen of our search, but hundreds of them. Our objective was achieved; but would we find a *synggrapha*, the blue variation of the female already seen in this vicinity?

We began operations, but not before I had enquired the life-history of the chalk-hill blue. "The female lays her eggs on the starry trefoil, on which the tiny larva, once hatched, feeds and spends the winter," I was told. "Towards the end of June, in the year following, the caterpillar forms a cocoon and in about three weeks the butterfly hatches. During copulation the male carries the female; it is an astounding feat for an insect to take on a burden almost its own weight."

"Do all other butterflies spend the winter as larvae?" I asked.

"By no means. The hairstreaks are still in the egg during that time of year."

At this point I seized my flowing white net and went into action, choosing the higher ground, while my companion, wise to the ways of chalk-hill blue, kept below, knowing that there was the best hunting-ground.

Soon I was swiping to left and right, browning my antagonists, but with little result; for I had not reckoned with the wind nor with the speed and aerobatics of the chalk-hill blue. At first I dashed here and there in ardent chase; but soon I was perspiring, out of breath and aware that butterfly-catching was no sport for duffers. It required finesse and a steady approach, cunning and a deal of patience. I began to stalk, but whenever I prepared to envelop a sitting target, the target rose and, caught by the breeze, sped out of range and soon out of sight over the brow.

In time I caught a number of specimens, but not until I had borrowed some glass containers from my friend could I examine my victims. I cursed the butter-muslin.

Once a painted lady appeared over the skyline, hesitated long enough to lure me into action and, as soon as I was in full pursuit, made off at speed towards the summit so that it disappeared whence it had come, leaving me breathless and with nothing to show for my exertions.

We secured plenty of chalk-hill blues, but none of any note, although once, like a hunter waiting over a kill, I bagged five out of seven at one shot on a piece of sheep's dung, which seemed attractive to them. As it was late, we then left the downs and headed homeward; but not before I had taken my companion to a certain slope where I had previously found a frog orchid. We were not disappointed; for, after a long search, impeded by the growth of grass no longer kept down by the rabbits, we re-found it, although over and in pod. Thus ended a day uneventful to the skilled entomologist, but interesting to an ordinary countryman, for much of what was seen would have been passed by without notice if an expert had not been present, and if the desire had not been there to take note of unconsidered trifles.

ENGLISH FORE-EDGE PAINTINGS

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

THE story of fore-edge painting began in Europe more than a thousand years ago.

So heavy and cumbersome were the parchment-leaved folios of mediæval libraries that books were shelved horizontally with the fore-edges of the vellum leaves outward. Upon these were inscribed titles in bold dark lettering that could be read easily in the gloom of the period's interiors. Then, in the 10th century, book-edges began to be ornamented with geometrical figures, floral designs and scrollwork stamped into the edges with hot tools. Heraldry in colours became a fashionable feature of fore-edge decoration from early in the 14th century.

Folios were joined by the more conveniently handled volumes in quarto size shortly after the introduction of printing upon good-quality paper; quartos in turn gradually yielded to the smaller octavo volumes. Books were

Book-edges might be ornamented in this way until the mid-17th century, when disappearing fore-edge paintings were sold by Samuel Mearne, who was appointed bookbinder to Charles II in 1660. To view the painting the book was held flat, its front cover open in a line with the back cover. In this position the fore-edge assumed a slant from the title page to the end of the book, and only in this position did it display the painting.

This was purely an English development and for long remained exclusively an English craft. It has been suggested that Mearne himself invented the technique advertised as "the new fashion for decorating book edges with disappearing paintings." No example signed by Mearne has survived, although several are known bearing signatures of his business associates. One of these was William Fletcher, who painted

century show that bookbinders were familiar with the processes required for producing concealed fore-edge paintings.

The fore-edge painter first scraped and burnished the book edges. The volume was then laid flat on its back and the front cover opened until the leaves were in an oblique position with an infinitesimal space between the edge of each leaf; it was then held firmly by a heavy clamp. This formed the ground upon which the picture or design would be painted in water-colours. Alum water was then brushed into the surface to prevent the colours from sinking into the hand-made paper; it also increased the lustre of the colours and discouraged fading. Alum water for this purpose was prepared by boiling eight ounces of powdered rock alum in two quarts of spring or well water. When cold, the liquid was filtered



(Left to right) FORE-EDGE OF FOXE'S *ACTS AND MONUMENTS* (1641), PAINTED FOR CHARLES II AND BEARING HIS PORTRAIT. Signed "Fletcher Compinxit." A COMMON PRAYER BOOK (1662) PAINTED FOR CHARLES II WITH PANELS SHOWING THE ASCENSION, RESURRECTION, CRUCIFIXION, BETRAYAL AND AGONY IN THE GARDEN. A COMMON PRAYER BOOK (1669) PAINTED WITH CHARLES II'S MONOGRAM. BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER PRINTED BY JOHN BASKERVILLE IN 1760 AND BOUND BY EDWARDS, OF HALIFAX, FOR QUEEN CHARLOTTE. The fore-edge is painted with a picture of the Ascension

then shelved vertically and the spine of the binding became the obvious place for painting the title, usually in black. Upon the fore-edge, however, a book might now display its owner's name in large black or red letters. Anne Boleyn's New Testament, printed in 1534 and now in the British Museum, is inscribed in red on its fore-edge "Anne Regina Anglice."

The fashion for identifying the ownership of a book by painting an heraldic device upon its fore-edge was introduced to England by Thomas Bertelot, appointed printer and bookbinder to Henry VIII in 1529. The pages were clamped tightly together until the edges became a solid block, over which a ground colour was painted. Over this were painted pictures and designs in monochrome. A Bible from the library of Henry VIII, printed in 1543, has its three edges painted in colours and gold, each framed in a cartouche of flowers, scrollwork and arabesques.

and signed the fore-edges of John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (1641), in three volumes. These bear miniature portraits of Charles II and date from after Mearne's royal appointment. It is believed that painting under gilding was devised by Fletcher. Fore-edge painting on a presentation book customarily included a miniature portrait and coat-of-arms of its owner, both painted against grounds of intricate floral scrolls.

These vanishing paintings are now so rare that some authorities have suggested fore-edge painting was entirely abandoned from the 1690s until about the 1760s. This is doubtful, however, for there are in existence various subscribers' copies of books which were printed during the 1730s and which stood on their original shelves until recently, with fore-edges painted in what has become known as "the Mearne manner." Various technical works published during the first half of the 18th

through unglazed brown paper and bottled for use as required. After the alum water had dried on the paper, the process of wetting and drying was repeated five times.

Water-colours were used for painting on this prepared surface in various tints of red, green, blue, brown and yellow, with white and black. These were earth colours, and the palette was not increased until the 19th century. To the greens, blacks and browns a little gall of ox, carp, or eel was added to prevent scaling and to provide lustre.

Such colours were sold finely powdered at print shops. According to the *Dictionarium Polygraphicum* (1758) the artist prepared them for use by putting a little powdered colour ground with water into a horse mussel shell, a separate shell for each colour. A little gum water, made from the purest of white gum arabic, was added and the proper painting consistency was reached by "bruising the colour



A BIBLE (1669) WITH THE EDGES PAINTED WITH FLOWERS IN RED AND GREEN OVER GOLD

against the shell, to soften and temper it, till you find no knobs undissolved, and then stroke down the colour to the bottom of the shell from the sides."

The artist worked with quill brushes, holding them vertically and using the colours as dry as possible to prevent sideways spread, an ever-present tendency on such a surface. Not until the completed painting was absolutely dry were the clamps removed. The volume was then put in a book press and the fore-edge burnished with a dog's tooth.

It will be noticed that if a book is opened at its title page the bevelled surface of its fore-edge is to the right. If, however, the book is opened at the back to display the index, then the edges bevel to the left. Skilful fore-edge painters invariably decorated their books with the fore-edge sloping to the right. When paintings bevel to the left they are usually the productions of inexperienced and unobservant artists. Few of these are gilded.

In many instances, the fore-edge paintings were hidden beneath gilding. The edges of such a book appear to be smoothly gilded and nothing more when the book is closed, and the painting becomes visible only when the leaves are slightly spread or fanned. Paintings on gilded fore-edges usually display their original vivid colourings owing to protection from light by the gilding.

Gilding was carried out with the book held rigid in a press to prevent size from penetrating between the leaves. The size consisted of a film of glair, prepared by beating the white of an egg in three times its volume of water. When this had dried on the book edges, it was smeared with a composition made by grinding eight dw. sal ammoniac and two dw. sugar candy into glair until of a suitable consistency. When dry, it was vigorously rubbed and polished. The book-edges were then dampened and the gold leaf applied and pressed gently into position with soft cotton. When dry, the gilding was burnished with a dog's tooth fitted into a handle.

The vogue for fine fore-edge paintings was at its height between about 1785 and 1830, when the bookbinding firm of Edwards, of Halifax, issued some outstanding examples of the art. The business was established about 1755 by William Edwards (1723-1808). Some thirty years later he set up his sons James and John as booksellers, trading as Edwards and Sons, in Pall Mall. A few months later Mrs. Thrale, writing to her daughter, described her first visit to the Edwards shop where, in addition to magnificently bound books, she noted "a new method of displaying elegance in books. The leaves, when you hold them slanting, exhibit a beautiful miniature landscape, painted by a lady, but concealed when the book is shut."

William Edwards is believed to have mastered the technique of fore-edge painting personally during the 1770s, and ornamented books from his bindery shops with the conventional scrolls and floral designs of earlier exponents of the art. Probably it was in the early 1780s that it occurred to him to paint narrow landscapes extending the full length of the book. In this he appears to have been influenced by the vogue for aquatint prints in tones of orange and brown. The earliest of Edwards's landscape fore-edges were in a brown monotone particularly suited to

depicting religious scenes on Bibles and Prayer Books, such as the Ascension scene painted on the gilded fore-edge of Queen Charlotte's Bible, printed by Baskerville and now in the British Museum. Eventually greens were introduced into such pictures, and then vivid touches of red or yellow or both. By 1790 blue had been added to the palette.

Even the most skilful fore-edge painter left slight traces of colour on the reverse of the leaf edges. These are visible

as untidy blotches if the pages are fanned in the wrong direction. This disfigurement urged the Edwards firm, early in the 1790s, to evolve fore-edges with double paintings. Great skill and unlimited time were essential to paint two landscapes on a single fore-edge without one adversely affecting the other. Such books were costly and comparatively few were made.

Painters of double fore-edges arranged the composition of their second landscape to utilise the over-run colour splashes of the first. Infinite care was required in painting the second picture to avoid disfiguring the edge already painted. The fore-edge was afterwards gilded; a thicker layer of gold was essential to conceal both paintings. Such gilding might be embossed with goffering, visible when the book is shut. In some very rare examples of double fore-edge painting the book-edges appear to have been marbled, an effect cleverly produced by the double painting itself. Only landscapes and sporting scenes have been noted in double fore-edge painting.

The finest fore-edge paintings from the Edwards establishment date from the mid-1790s, when remarkable skill and delicacy were displayed by the artists employed. Details are always excellent, such as the shadows cast on the surface of the water. Very few, however, were signed by the artist. Colourful hunting scenes appeared on sporting books; rural landscapes and moonlight views of ruined abbeys ornamented the English poets; country houses might be painted on the classics. Sometimes illustrations of dramatic incidents described

in the books were illustrated on the fore-edges.

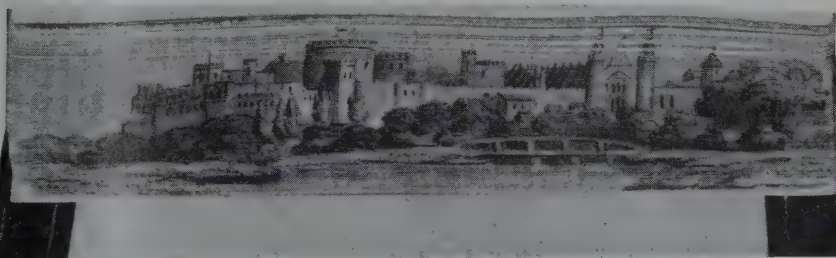
William Edwards closed the London house in 1804, when he was succeeded by another son, Thomas (1762-1834), who issued books with fore-edge paintings on a much more extensive scale than had his father or brothers. Taking advantage of the vogue for decorating bone china and earthenware with transferred views of country houses, famous buildings and picturesque scenes, he specialised in fore-edge paintings of similar pictures in full colour. These are frequently referred to in his catalogues. Eton College, King's College Chapel at Cambridge, Blenheim Palace, Blackfriars Bridge, Ham House and Brocket Hall are a typical selection.

The Edwards establishment was only one among many firms of bookbinders to employ fore-edge painters possessing various degrees of skill. Some of their paintings can only be described as hack work paid for by the dozen. During the first quarter of the 19th century the bookbinder Thomas Gooden issued fore-edge paintings including some which were signed and dated, thus proving that binder and painter might be the same person. A binder named Hill signed his fore-edge paintings "Hill fecit." His work is unskilled, however, and he fanned the leaves of his books the wrong way. Other fore-edge painters included James Black, J. Bohn, C. Mayer and Walther Kaltheaer, and there was a small band of free-lance artists in London. At this period, too, fore-edge painting became a young lady's accomplishment; such work was seldom concealed beneath gilding.

The collector of fore-edge paintings must bear in mind the possibility that the date of decoration may be a century or two after the date at which the book was published. Several part-time painters of to-day are engaged in this work and enjoy absurdly high prices from their labours.

It is, therefore, essential to ensure that the date of the book's printing, the type of paper used, the style of binding, the subject of the painting and the colours displayed all harmonise with their purported date. When a book is found dating from the reign of George I, but bearing a double fore-edge painting, this addition must have been made at least 65 years after the book was issued and may be much more recent—a fact sometimes overlooked by the enthusiastic collector.

Illustrations: British Museum.



WINDSOR CASTLE PAINTED ON THE FORE-EDGE OF LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON GOING TO SCHOOL



A MODERN FORE-EDGE PAINTING: BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, PREDECESSOR OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ON HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN LONDON (1902), BY MRS. E. THORNTON COOK

THE HUSBANDRY OF HOPS

Written and Illustrated by JOHN L. JONES

FARMER William Ellis, one reads in the *Modern Husbandman*, "has an hundred acres of hop-ground." Among the bines each year "he runs up a little hut or shed at every one or two bins and furnishes it with wheat straw for the pickers to lie on, and a cask of small beer. And to make them proceed with the greater courage he gives each person every morning a quarter of gin."

That was hop picking a long time ago. But in essence, apart from the gin and the rough lying, the actual picking and harvesting methods changed little in 300 years. The 1956 harvest, for which the growers have been paid a record price, marks a new milestone in the unfolding history of this romantic husbandry. For last year machines replaced pickers on between a third and a half of our 22,000 hop-growing acres. The popular picture of the harvest—a sort of *fiesta* in which an urban crowd descends on the six hop-growing counties—is already out of date for large blocks of hop-growing England.

The idea of and first attempt at machine picking were born 100 years ago. But the first successful mechanisation of the crop was not achieved until the middle 1930s and was pioneered in the hopyards of the West Midlands, where the shortage of labour first became acute. The hand picking of hops is a time of anxiety and pressure for the grower, and, since the war particularly, the social problems of dealing with a large flying population have intensified. A big acreage of hops might require 600 families, a small farm township of 4,000 souls.

Unlike some other crops those of the hopfields have not been robbed by the advent of the machine of any of their essential appeal. The hop is still the most beautiful and spectacular of our island harvests. The annual burgeoning of the grape vine from its bare sticks is, perhaps, the only worthy comparison for the change that overtakes the field of hops from dead winter to harvesting. The ugly winter skeleton of poles and wire with the small stools barely visible in the weedy rows is changed to a towering forest of herbaceous arches, a maze where one can lose one's bearings completely.

Hops are perennials of the nettle family and are propagated vegetatively from cuttings taken in March, from established plants. The plant is dioecious



A FINE FIELD OF HOPS IN THE COURSE OF PICKING. After the rows have been cut one man severs the remnants from the wires and another picks up the fallings

and in some of the Worcestershire hopyards, for example, it is practice to plant 20 males to an acre of 1,500 plants, to ensure full development of the cones, the delicate leaf-like flowers. Hops are gross feeders and demand high fertility, included in which is the periodic dressing of "shoddy," that noisome mixture of feathers, wool debris and bits of cloth from the Northern cloth mills.

The year of husbandry which culminates in the harvest is an exacting one. There is much regular ploughing and cultivating. The soil is ploughed back to the stocks and back again into the alleys in February, the bases of the previous season's bines are cut back to the crowns and by the end of May the annually replaced strings which join each plant to the permanent overhead wires and which make the hopfield look like a crude giant harp are being vigorously

climbed by the bines trained in a clockwise direction. By the end of June, in a good year, the bines are creeping along the horizontal head wires.

This twining habit of the hop earned it the Roman name of the Wolf of the Willow, a name derived according to Pliny from its habit of strangling the willows among which it grew and proving "as destructive as a wolf to the flock." The wild hop appears also to have been indigenous to England, for in the reign of Henry VI there was reference to this "wicked weed" in a petition against its culture, prepared for presentation to Parliament.

In the West Midlands the bines laden with the tendrils of cones are ready for harvesting in September, and the harvesting of the early and late varieties may take five weeks or less. On the big acreages the harvesting is continued at night and has the precision of clockwork. A shuttle service of tractors and trailers works from the field, where four men operate. One severs the bines from the rootstock, the bine gatherer rides in the trailer and hauls the bines from the strings while the other two cut down the remnant hops with the long pole knife and garner the droppings off the ground. Then the load is rushed home to the machine, which is usually housed in a Dutch barn type of building. Field machines are also coming into increasing service on some farms.

The best of the stationary housed machines are very expensive, but they treat the hop cones with the gentleness of human hands. The heart of the machine is a waving curtain of bines moving in slowly on overhead conveyors with the cones being picked off by spring-mounted plucker combs. The laterals are removed by plucking rollers, the seed and the petioles are separated, the leaf is removed from the cones



A NEW VARIETY OF HOP PASSING INTO THE PICKING MACHINE. Most of such new varieties are highly resistant to disease



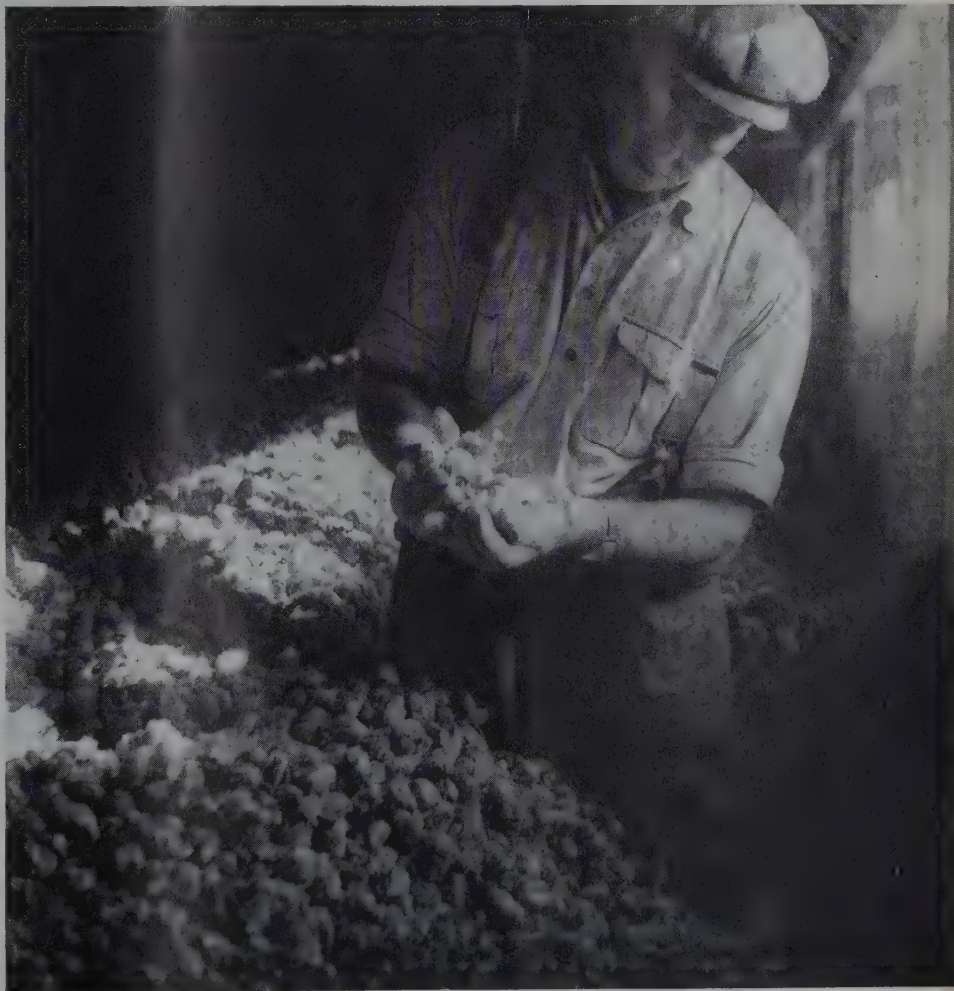
THE RECEIVING END OF A HOP PICKING MACHINE. The bines are attached to an endless conveyor which lifts them to the top of the shed and then lowers them among a series of plucker combs or revolving tines. When the bines have been stripped they are discarded, while the hops are carried forward on belts subjected to a strong draught which removes most of the leaves. The remainder are picked out by hand and the hops are then bagged. (Right) **PLUCKER COMBS**

and, finally, the stream of hops passes on to final inspection by hand. This gentleness of action is the key, for the ideal is that no hops should be broken.

Much hop curing is still done in the old oast houses, where the drying of the heaped cones is effected by the gravitational upsurge of hot air into the narrowing funnels of the oast. More customary to-day is the blowing of hot air from oil-fired furnaces and power fans. Enter a hop kiln when green hops are being dried and your eyes will smart and you will start coughing. This is because the green hops spread on horse hair cloths on the wooden floor are treated in the early drying stages with fumes of burning brimstone to ensure a bright green colour and a not too bitter aroma. The kiln man is one of the most important operators, for on his judgement depends the final quality of the hops.

Hops are judged chiefly on the resin content—the bittering and preservative agent in the beer—and the method of evaluation is still subjective rather than analytical in this most conservative of markets: by handling or rubbing and by the aroma. Many new varieties are now appearing in the hopfields, bred for both high resin and for resistance to disease, the worst of which, known as verticillium wilt, is a widespread scourge in Kent and East Sussex. But new kinds are slow in making headway because hops, once established, are a long-lived crop and the establishment of new yards or gardens is a very expensive business, costing about £400 an acre. Also the buyers are chary of moving away from the well-tried flavours of the older varieties.

It is now about 400 years since we began to give up drinking the sweet fermented liquor of malt, and went in for growing hops and brewing hop-bittered beer. The hand picking of the crop, the nearest English equivalent to the boisterous festival of the *vendange*, has continued with little change in method for all these years. Most of us will be more than a little regretful when the machines finally take over and the hop picking invasion is no more. But the growers are positive that they will have no regrets.



THE DRYER TESTING THE HOPS FOR "RUB" AND AROMA. On his judgement depends the ultimate quality of the crop

AMATEUR ROWING PROBLEMS

By CEDRIC VENABLES

THE success of C. G. V. Davidge and D. A. T. Leadley in winning the coxwainless pairs and of the National Provincial Bank in reaching the final of the coxwainless fours in the European Championships at Duisburg last month made a welcome break in the cloud which has too long overhung British rowing. Both crews did exactly what was expected of them and showed what could be achieved with determination and singleness of purpose. But they have also shown in no uncertain way the weaknesses which exist in British rowing or, rather, in its administration.

The Amateur Rowing Association inter-divisional championships were held at Hereford last Saturday, but the competition could hardly be regarded as worthy of such a high-sounding title. With the exception of a picked Leander crew or some of the better college boat clubs at the Universities, Molesey are probably the best club eight in the country, and they won the senior eights, which was a fitting finish to one of the most successful seasons in the history of the club.

Thus far the championships achieved their object and another satisfactory and probably worthy result was the victory of Christchurch Rowing Club in the coxed fours. It is only in recent years that coast clubs have become an integral part of the Amateur Rowing Association, and, as the crew nominated by the Hampshire and Dorset Division, Christchurch were fairly representative of the best in that particular area. To reach the final, in which they met Molesey, they first beat the Bristol club, Ariel, and in the semi-final won against Folkestone, who were the nominated crew from the South-East Coast Division. But in the other events the championships were little more than a name.

Nottingham Britannia won the coxwainless fours and a good solid crew they were, but even they would admit that, though they may now be called the champions, they are not the best four in the country.

Again, M. A. Spracklen, of the Royal Air Force, who is certainly one of the better British scullers and is always improving, won the senior sculls. But, only three days earlier he had raced for the Amateur Sculling Championship of Great Britain and was not the winner. The whole business is reminiscent of some of the more fanciful incidents in *Alice in Wonderland*.



THE MOLESEY BOAT CLUB EIGHT WHO WON THE DESBOROUGH CUP FOR SENIOR EIGHTS IN THE A.R.A. INTER-DIVISIONAL REGATTA AT HEREFORD

The real trouble, of course, is that these A.R.A. championships take place at the wrong time of year. The blame must lie with the Amateur Rowing Association, which is, in effect, the governing body of the sport, but I think that the fault is not wholly theirs. Rowing is the most conservative of sports and while the A.R.A. know what really should be done, they are hopelessly hindered by diehard opinion.

The fact is that the championships should be held in the middle of the season. A week or, at the most, a fortnight after Henley Royal Regatta would be an ideal time so that all the better crews from clubs and colleges could be kept together and some really worthwhile selections made for the European championships which are held in August. The Henley

results are not, in themselves, a true guide because, with foreign competition and the luck of the draw, the best home crews may not necessarily reach the semi-finals or finals.

Nor is it ideal for the A.R.A. championships to be held on a river where only two or, at the most, three crews can take part in a race. This gives no experience of the conditions which govern the Olympic or European championships, and lack of that experience must inevitably be a handicap to British crews racing in those championships. Overseas nearly all the big rowing is done on lakes, which, though they may be affected by wind, are not subject to stream or currents.

In this country there are not many lakes which are easily accessible without great expense—those in the Lake District itself are not suitable on any score—but clearly the finding of some adequate stretch of water is the proper solution, and the Amateur Rowing Association already have this in mind. The water which might be suitable is Rudyard Lake, which is not natural but a constructed reservoir in a valley near Macclesfield. This lake is two and a half miles long and, at its narrowest part, at least 500 yards wide. Here it would be possible to race six crews abreast and have all the traditions which are to be found in championship racing in other parts of the world. Last Saturday, at Hereford, the distance of the races was only a mile, but on such a lake as Rudyard it would be possible to have them over a 2,000-metre course, which is the normal championship distance.

Finance, or the lack of it, is always a problem for the A.R.A. As all British regattas are on rivers and the banks are free to the public, funds cannot be maintained by gate money except at a few reserved enclosures. And the money taken from them must be devoted to the expenses of the regatta. Even at Henley many thousands of spectators can watch the world's best crews and pay not one penny for it. All regattas now make a donation to the Association, and for half a guinea a year anyone may become an associate member, but if the A.R.A. is to develop its plan and rowing in Great Britain is to take its proper place in world or European championships still more money will be required. The big idea of the future is a lake which may be a permanent home for the British championships, but money must be raised for all the paraphernalia connected with running a regatta on a big scale.



M. A. SPRACKLEN, WHO WON THE EARL OF IVEAGH CUP FOR SENIOR SCULLS

A MEMORABLE U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP

A Golf Commentary by P. A. WARD-THOMAS

THE evening sun struck gently through the trees at Brookline, near Boston, as we watched a young American amateur, William Robbins, receive the championship cup, and the thoughts of some who were there must have dwelt for a moment upon another evening long ago when a much younger American, named Ouimet, probably with wonderment in his heart, accepted an open championship as the two famous Englishmen whom he had beaten stood by.

The Country Club has changed but little in the 40 years and more which have passed since then, because change is unwelcome and tradition cherished. For there, 75 years ago, a custom was born which has spread throughout the length and breadth of the land—that of the country club itself. Few American clubs exist solely for the purpose of golf: the majority embrace the activities of the whole family and have become an integral part of the social scene. Brookline was the first country club in the United States, and there now, perhaps more than anywhere else where golf is played, is an atmosphere of permanency and olden things rare in a country where novelty is constantly pursued.

Brookline took its place in history when it joined with four other clubs in 1894 to form the United States Golf Association. This place became secure for evermore when Ouimet won his championship in 1913, and was further strengthened when Lawson Little, having trampled through the Amateur at Prestwick, marched to victory in the same summer in the American championship. Now almost a quarter of a century later came the British team fresh from its gallant endeavours at Minikahda.

It must have been disappointing to many who followed the championship at a distance that only Alan Thirlwell survived until the Thursday morning, when the field had been reduced to 16. Conversely, it would have been surprising to most of us there if the British had been represented in the semi-final. Inevitably the championship comes as something of an anti-climax after the Walker Cup match, so much so that it was extremely difficult to sustain concentration, let alone form, throughout day after day of uniformly hard matches. And hard they are, for there is nothing like the difference between the best and the worst that there is in British championships. Most of the 200 starters have qualified in regions all over the country from an original entry of almost 1,600, and their quality, or should I say effectiveness, can be taken for granted.

There is rarely an easy match for anyone because, although some of the styles may be utilitarian rather than polished, all their owners can putt and compete. Thus no one can afford to relax in the slightest degree, or he is on his way home. This was typical of Wolstenholme's match in the third round, when he was beaten by a golfer who did not appear to be in his class. Wolstenholme made bad mistakes on each of the first two holes and, whereas the previous day he had been able to recover with some superb golf, this time there was no forgiving and he lost on the last green. Jack suffered similar treatment. After he had won splendid matches from two opponents of some reputation in Haverstick and Shave he met a third, about whom no one seemed to know very much, who went out in 32—an indecently low score—and who then hardly permitted Jack any hope of recovery. Had he managed to win this match Jack might have reached the last eight or beyond, for his next opponent would have been Chapman, once such a familiar figure in British championships.

Most of the British lost with honour. Sewell met a powerful prodigy in J. Nicklaus, who at eighteen was playing in his third Amateur and who finished Sewell off with three successive threes. Micklem played well, but not quite well enough against one of the multifarious Kocsis family, and Shepperson made the bravest attempt to save his match. Bonallack was the most unfortunate, for, having met the



ALAN THIRLWELL, THE MEMBER OF THE BRITISH WALKER CUP TEAM TO SURVIVE LONGEST IN BOTH THE AMERICAN AND THE CANADIAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

eventual champion, Weslock, in the first round of the Canadian, he then faced C. Kocsis in the American. This was one of the finest matches of the week and was settled only by a long putt from Kocsis on the 21st. Bonallack deserved better than this, for he had also endured the disappointment of not playing in the Walker Cup, but he is a young man well founded to withstand adversity, and without doubt the experience of this tour will profit him much. Scrutton lost a close match to one of the strongest players in the New York area. Carr and Deighton were beaten almost before they had started and so, as at Winnipeg, British hopes rested finally upon Bussell and Thirlwell. This was strange irony, for they had met at Formby in

May, should have done so in the semi-final at Winnipeg and then did play each other in the fourth round at Brookline.

Bussell by this time clearly was just about played out and it was perhaps unfortunate that he had to meet a colleague, for the effort of steeling himself to win was all the harder and he could not meet it. But he had a wonderful tour and, unless I am much mistaken, no young player has ever done anything like so well on his first American visit. The confidence and poise of his golf under pressure symbolised the growth of a new generation which is not afraid of playing and beating Americans.

Although the British ceased to have any active part when Thirlwell fell to Andrews on the fourth morning, the interest remaining in the championship was saved from the academic by the beautiful golf of Frank Taylor, who, with all possible respect to Robbins, was the golfer of the week. Here was a man, quiet and modest of manner and inconspicuous of stature, who swung the club with such a drowsy, effortless rhythm and balance that I could scarce take my eyes from him. And, where I had expected to be watching the last rounds with impartial detachment, I suddenly found myself hoping very much that he would win. For in these days of vast hitting, pitching and putting it was pure joy to see a golfer whose strength was wonderful straightness and not length. In round after round until the last afternoon of all he mastered a formidable test of golf with a succession of beautiful strokes throughout the whole range of clubs. The homeward half of some 3,700 yards was the longest I have known and gave us the rare pleasure of watching long iron and wooden club play to the greens.

Some of these holes will remain long in the memory, especially the eleventh with its curving drive and second shot to a small green beyond a vast waste of dried-up creek. Many powerful young men reached it with medium irons; Taylor usually needed wood, but the eventual result was the same. The thirteenth, where dark shadows of tall old trees leant across its tumbling fairway, should be given to posterity on canvas. All the beauty of golf was there on that last morning as Taylor swept a long iron shot low and true to within five feet of the hole—a stroke of unforgettable beauty. And eighteen holes later much of its sadness was there when Taylor's drive, for once not unerringly straight, came to rest behind a tree and that of Robbins, hooked far wider, found an opening and a lie for a remarkable recovery. This to a tired man, for Taylor was conceding fifteen years, was the last cruel irony and in some measure reflected the pattern of the final.

I make no bones about saying that if the rough had been normal Robbins would not have won. He was a little fortunate in the semi-final, for Baxter, an immensely strong youth, but one as yet not fully developed in technique, collapsed rather miserably against him, and until the last few holes Taylor was much more accurate from the tees and through the greens. Time after time Robbins drove into the rough, and yet hardly ever was he punished by it. But he must not be denied his praise, for, however the ball runs for a man, championships still need winning and in every match when victory was in sight Robbins played calm; beautiful golf. This young man has a classic temperament and, although plainly not entirely certain in his swing, never betrayed anxiety; as I say, when the pinch came he produced the strokes. And that is the mark of a champion.

I cannot finish without a word about one golfer who was competing in his 45th amateur championship, a record without parallel in the great events of the world. And watching Chick Evans play thrice to the turn in par or better it was impossible to believe that he was 67 years old. He swung his 48-in. driver with wonderful timing and ease, struck his irons beautifully and beat two men less than half his age fair and square. His golf and the charm of his approach to it remain lasting tributes to the greatness of this game.

DETACHMENT

*L*ÉISURE flows through me like a rippling stream

*Among the rushes: momentary tide
Of grace in which my spirit puts aside
The hour's compelling circumstance, to dream,*

*To dream, with passive hands, to meditate
With disregard for urgency, to sigh
From a contented heart, once more to lie,
Cheek to the good earth, ere it is too late,*

*To rove in thought as softly as a leaf
Adventures down the quietness of a glade,
Drifting in slanted flight towards the shade
Or bound, in narrowing spirals, for some brief
Sun-gilded plot. Oh, for this peace of mind,
Transient but perfect, autumn was designed!*

D. MURRELL SIMMONS.

HAGLEY HALL, WORCESTERSHIRE—II

THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT COBHAM

By GORDON NARES

Concerning the genesis of the house, which was designed for the first Lord Lyttelton by Sanderson Miller, with the advice of John Chute, Thomas Lennard Barrett and Thomas Prowse, whose deliberations eventually produced one of the foremost Rococo buildings in England. It was built between 1754 and 1760.

SOON after the death of his father in 1751 Lord Lyttelton, or Sir George Lyttelton as he then was, began making preparations for rebuilding the home of his forbears. We saw in the previous article how for the last five years or so of his father's lifetime Lyttelton had been landscaping the grounds, and how he accepted advice and designs from a number of friends who, with the exception of "Athenian" Stuart, were all more or less amateurs. He employed the same method for the new house, and as neither he nor his second wife, Elizabeth Rich, seemed capable of making up their minds exactly what kind of a house they wanted, it was 1754 before the workmen started to dig the foundations. The final designs were the work of Lyttelton's close friend, the gentleman-architect Sanderson Miller, but several others had made suggestions or produced rival plans, such as John Chute, Thomas Lennard Barrett and Thomas Prowse, and the house cannot be considered as entirely the brain-child of Miller.



1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT, FACING WEST



2.—THE GALLERY, WHICH FILLS THE SOUTH FRONT

There is no doubt, however, that Miller was one of the first to be consulted. In a letter to him written soon after Sir Thomas Lyttelton died Lord Guilford said: "I imagine Sir George begins to be busy in the thoughts of executing his great schemes; and 'tis possible that may have postponed your entering into your winter's retirement."

In a letter to Lady Luxborough written at about the same time by William Shenstone from his neighbouring house, The Leasowes, there is an illuminating passage: "Lord DUDLEY and I dined together at *Hagley* last Wednesday. . . . Mr. MILLER unluckily asked me at Table, how I liked the new Situation of their Column. . . . The truth is, I do not like it upon many Accounts. . . . But least of all do I approve their intention of building three new Fronts, and altering every Room by a gothic Model, and that with an Eye to Frugality, at the same Time that they have not an Inch of Gothicism about the House, to warp their Imagination that Way. . . . The fine Situation they have, within an hundred yards, they neglect;—in short, as it appears to me, they are going to sacrifice an Opportunity of rendering their Place compleat, for the Sake of an imperfect, but expensive Specimen of gothic Architecture; which, not having its Foundation either in Truth or Proportion, will fall into Disgrace again in the Course of a few Years—Can one then forbear crying out, 'The Graces droop'—'Am I in Greece or in Gothland?' But as their Resolution seems fixed, I mention this in Confidence."

This letter is particularly interesting in two ways. First, it reveals that Lyttelton's original intention was merely to alter and refront the old house, a half-timbered affair of which drawings and a plan have been preserved; Horace Walpole described it as "immeasurably bad and old: one room at the top of the house, which was considered a *conceit* in those days, projects a vast way into the air." Second, it introduces the battle between the Gothick and Classical styles which was to bedevil the replanning of Hagley. Certainly Shenstone's comment about the Lytteltons' resolution being fixed was premature, and within a year he was to write in a further letter to Lady Luxborough: "I see they condescend to look upon *modern* Plans at Hagley, and if they build anew, I suppose it will be in that Style." Lord Guilford was of the opinion that "if an Italian House is built at Hagley it is by my lady," from which we may infer that Lyttelton himself, abetted no doubt by Miller, leant towards the Gothick.

Miller's first plan was certainly in that taste,

out in June, 1752, Lyttelton wrote to Miller asking him "to try your skill in the Greek Architecture, being persuaded that no other Gentleman Architect will have so great regard to convenience as you, or know so well how to give us the rooms that we want. We are pretty indifferent about the outside"—rather an astonishing admission—"it is enough if there be nothing offensive to the eye; but Lady Lyttelton insists upon dark closets and back stairs. She wishes too for a small room of separation between the eating room and the Drawingroom, to hinder the Ladies from hearing the noise and talk of the Men when they are left to their bottle, which must sometimes happen even at Hagley. . . . Your Gothick House was an admirable good one and the nearer you can bring this one to that the better it will be."

A similar letter must have been sent at about the same time to Horace Walpole's friend John Chute, of The Vyne, Hampshire (see COUNTRY LIFE of January 3, 1957). Walpole considered Chute "an able geometrical and an exquisite architect, of the purest taste, both in the Grecian and Gothick styles." Some of Chute's plans and elevations for Hagley are preserved in the collection of



3.—THE ENTRANCE HALL, CALLED THE WHITE HALL

an humbler Ground Plan than your Gothick one." There is no record that any such meeting took place, but in October Sir George wrote to Miller: "I have sent Mr. Chute's drawings for these fronts of my house. . . . I think them very beautiful, especially the north and west fronts. . . . Perhaps you may transfer some of the beauties of them into your Plan, and at least borrow some hints of them that will be useful." But it was not until May, 1753, that Lady Lyttelton could write: "At last Hagley House is absolutely fixed upon, both as to the inside and the outside and perfectly to the satisfaction of Sir George and myself." Even so there was a delay of over a year before Lyttelton wrote to Miller that he was "glad they have begun to dig the foundations."

Seldom can a building have had such a long period of gestation, or had so many people assisting at its birth, but this was typical of Lyttelton's empirical attitude of mind, which in turn was typical of the Rococo age when Hagley was built. What kind of building was the result? The house is



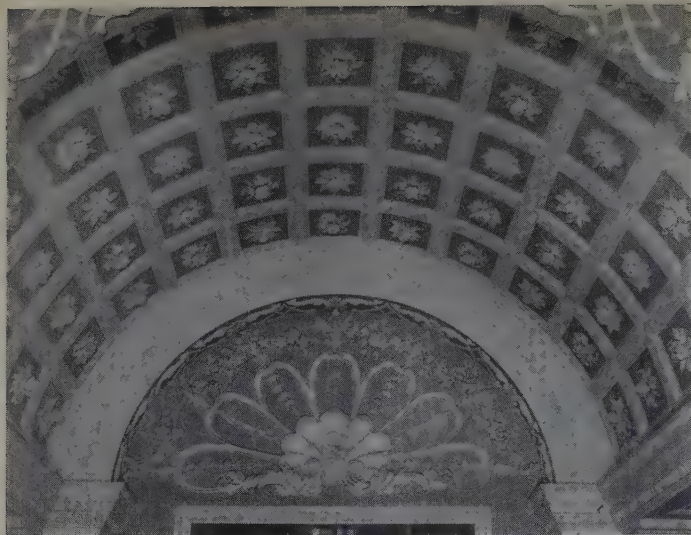
4.—TAPESTRIES IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis, at Farmington, Connecticut, and were illustrated in an article by Geoffrey W. Beard and J. Homery Folkes in *The Architectural Review* for March, 1952. The elevation is interesting as being a precursor of the existing ones, with towers at the corners, but much foreshortened and a storey higher. The remarkable thing about it is that it is in Italian Renaissance style: the kind of building that one associates with Barry about a century later. Chute's ideas on planning are muddled and disappointing, however, though he has included a grand double staircase on the same principle as that at The Vyne; there are numerous dark closets and a back staircase conspicuously labelled, but he has failed to have a "room of separation" between drawing-room and dining-room.

In July Barrett wrote to Miller: "Mr. Chute, my cousin, is again set to work upon Sir George's House and will endeavour to adjust everything to what my friend desires. . . . I shall long to see your Gothick Plan brought within Italian Fronts . . . considering how much larger an Extent your plan is than Mr. Chute's I wish most heartily you were to meet, I am sure you would be much pleased with each other, and laying your heads together I fancy that you might contrive a House such as Sir George requires, tho' upon



5.—THE LIBRARY, WITH A PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER POPE ABOVE THE CHIMNEY-PIECE



6.—DETAIL OF THE PLASTERWORK IN THE ARCHWAY FROM THE HALL TO THE SALOON. (Right) 7.—THE CEILING OF THE VAN DYCK ROOM, FORMERLY THE DINING-ROOM

a rectangle of two storeys raised upon a rusticated basement that contains the offices: there are no wings. At the four corners pavilion-like projections rise one storey higher than the rest of the building. The longer fronts, facing roughly east and west, have at the centre a slight projection of three bays, crowned by a simple pediment; that on the west contains the main entrance, and is approached by a double flight of steps (Fig. 1). The elevations are Palladian in origin, evidently resembling those of Croome (in which both Miller and Capability Brown evidently had a hand) and tracing their ancestry back through the works of William Kent to Wilton, but the Palladianism is tempered by the Rococo feeling for clean lines, lack of ornament and emphasis of the ends rather than the middle of the elevations. Lyttelton did contemplate a portico, or at least an attached portico, but the idea was given up partly on the grounds of cost and partly because of technical difficulties. There is an interesting letter on this subject from Prowse to Miller which ends: "it would be absurd to introduce Columns which are to support nothing, and of course can have no use or Beauty, when the Introduction of them must occasion the greatest Fault that can be committed by an Architect, I mean the breaking of the line of the Entablature."

Some critics have found the exterior of Hagley too severe, and regard its rigid symmetry as an incongruous element in the freely handled surrounding landscape with its numerous picturesque buildings, but Bishop Pococke, who paid Hagley a visit in September, 1756, thought that it had "a fine effect, and as it is seen through the trees from different parts, appears like what we may imagine one of the Greek or Roman palaces to have been." And this is perhaps just what Lyttelton and Miller intended.

Miller's plan is extremely logical and convenient, and incorporates most of Lady Lyttelton's requirements, except that there are not many dark closets. (That did not matter much, however, because before the house was finished Lyttelton and his wife had separated; his brother, Dean Lyttelton, wrote to Miller in November, 1759: "Lord Lyttelton is perfectly well and not a little happy at home having got rid of so disagreeable

an object as a sulky wife.") The centre of the house is filled by a large entrance hall, facing west (Fig. 3), and the saloon, now the dining-room, facing east, which was illustrated last week. The two rooms are connected by an archway (Fig. 6), to left and right of which are twin internal staircases, lit from above (Fig. 10). To the left of the hall is the library (Fig. 5), containing busts by Scheemakers of Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton and Dryden, which were given to Alexander Pope by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and bequeathed by Pope to Lyttelton. To the right of the hall is the original dining-room, now known as the Van Dyck room from its collection of portraits, mainly of the 17th century; the ceiling and frieze (Fig. 7) have the pattern of grapes and vine-leaves that one finds in so many 18th-century dining-rooms. Beyond the Van Dyck room, and filling the entire south wing, is the gallery (Fig. 2), between which and the saloon on the east side of the house is the drawing-room (Figs. 4 and 11). The remainder of the *piano nobile* was filled

originally by the two principal bedrooms and their attendant dressing-rooms.

The entrance hall (Fig. 3) is known as the white hall from the colour of its plasterwork which culminates in the panel above the chimney-piece (Fig. 9). This panel, depicting Pan offering a fleece to Diana, is signed by F. Vassali, a plasterer of great competence, who one may assume was responsible also for the plasterwork in the remainder of the house. The chimney-piece, with caryatids supporting urns, and a lion and clubs in the frieze was carved by James Lovell, who also worked at Stowe and for Horace Walpole. On the wall facing the chimney-piece are busts of Rubens and Van Dyck, by Rysbrack (right of Fig. 3).

The gallery (Fig. 2) is a handsome room divided into three sections by screens of Corinthian columns. The plasterwork is in the Rococo taste but comparatively restrained—unlike the remarkable pair of looking-glasses (Fig. 8) between the windows, which have been tentatively attributed to Thomas Johnson. The furniture in the gallery is of excellent quality, and there is an interesting assembly of portraits, mostly of the 17th century, hanging in uniform Rococo frames against a background of green flock.

The adjoining drawing-room is so colourful, so resplendent in gilding, that one is reminded more of French or Italian Rococo than English (Fig. 4). The central oval and corner panels in the ceiling were painted by "Athenian" Stuart, who came to Hagley as a decorative painter before he designed his famous Doric temple in the park. But the room's colour comes mainly from the panels of tapestry by Joshua Morris, of Soho, which Lyttelton bought "exceeding cheap" in 1752, and which are reflected in the two superb pier-glasses on the opposite wall (Fig. 11). Above the doors and chimney-piece are portraits of Lyttelton's friends and political associates: Henry Pelham by J. Shackleton, the Earl of Chesterfield by Van Loo and Lord Cobham and the Earls of Bath and Hardwicke by Allan Ramsay.

The building of Hagley was completed in 1760, in August, of which year Lyttelton wrote to Miller; "The Beauty and Elegance of it now the Furnishing of it is completed and most of the Furniture up exceeds my Expectations." On September 1 there



8.—ROCOCO LOOKING-GLASS IN THE GALLERY

egan a three-day party to celebrate the opening of the house, but it was apparently not altogether a success. According to Charles Townshend, Lyttelton omitted to have the beds aired and "Before the dinner was ended, everybody was talking of their private affairs and pedigrees; Bacchus's hall was turned into the Herald's office; and the whole company became jealous and sulky." Although the house was finished payment for it was not, and for nearly ten years Lyttelton was still settling bills for the building and its contents, which cost him rather more than four times the original £8,000 that he had intended to spend. Miller himself received £417 10s.

Lord Lyttelton died in 1773 and was succeeded by his son Thomas—"the Bad Lord Lyttelton"—whose unexpected death in 1779 was the subject of a celebrated ghost story. The peerage then became extinct, but the Lyttelton baronetcy devolved on his uncle, Lord Westcote, who was created Baron Lyttelton of the second creation in



9.—CHIMNEY-PIECE BY JAMES LOVELL IN THE WHITE HALL. The plasterwork panel is signed by F. Vassali

1794. His great-grandson, the fifth Lord Lyttelton, inherited the Viscounty of Cobham by special remainder on the death of his kinsman, the third and last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, in 1889. Lord Cobham died in 1922, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the 9th Viscount Cobham. Three years later, on Christmas Eve, Hagley suffered a disastrous fire, in which much of the furniture, documents and paintings were destroyed, together with the original decoration of several rooms, particularly the library, hall and dining-room. They were, however, admirably restored and their exquisite plasterwork exactly reproduced, with the help of photographs taken by COUNTRY LIFE about 1915. Lord Cobham, who like his father and uncles before him was famous as a cricketer, died in 1949, and was succeeded by the present peer, who has recently gone to New Zealand to take up his appointment as Governor-General.

So much has been written about Hagley and its impact on 18th-century taste that it would be tedious to name all the sources that have been consulted in the preparation of these articles, but mention must be made of *An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence* (letters to Sanderson Miller), edited by L. Dickins and M. Stanton (1910), and of *The Good Lord Lyttelton* (1939), Rose Mary Davis's biography of the first Lord Lyttelton. I should also like to express my thanks to Colonel J. W. M. Paterson and Mr. Geoffrey W. Beard.

Hagley Hall is open to the public Wednesday-Sunday, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., until the middle of October.



10.—THE NORTH STAIRCASE



11.—CONSOLE-TABLES AND PIER-GLASSES IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

WILD GOATS OF WALES

Written and Illustrated by G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD

THE origin and history of the wild goat in Wales are obscure. H. E. Forrest in his *Fauna of North Wales* (1907) observes that "it is worthy of remark that no remains of it have been found in the Denbighshire caves in deposits of greater antiquity than Neolithic times, so that its right to be considered indigenous is somewhat doubtful." The goat, however, has been identified with Wales from a very early period, and there is little doubt that the ancient Cymry in their mountain fastnesses had to rely on this animal to provide both meat and milk.

It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that from time to time domestic stock escaped to the mountains where, as elsewhere in Britain, they readily adapted themselves to a feral life. At one time also large droves of Irish goats were driven through Wales for sale in England, and no doubt during the night a number of animals wandered off into the mountains and were never recovered.

One of the last droves to pass through South Wales occurred in 1891 when some 300 beasts were driven from Cardigan to Kent for sale in the autumn of that year. The route taken was by way of the Mynydd Epynt mountains to Gwenddwr, crossing the River Wye at Erwood, thence to Hereford via Rhyspence and the Roman Road, and finally to Kent. It took three men, three boys and five dogs to control them; but how many escaped *en route* is not recorded.

Many writers of the 18th and 19th centuries remark on the elusiveness of the wild goats of Wales. "The condition of the goat in some parts of our own islands," observes Fred Cuvier (quoted in Maunder's *Treasury of Natural History*), "is much more wild than that of any other of our domestic animals. In the mountains of Wales especially, the wild goats roam over the most inaccessible parts of the mountains and rocks, without the slightest appearance of domestication or of having been deduced from a domestic stock."

One of the earliest references to mountain goats occurs in a Welsh poem, composed about 1460 by Syr Dafydd Trefor, of Llanallgo, Anglesey, which was sent to the gentlemen of Snowdonia asking them to supply him with goats. Obviously he was not well, for in the poem he stated that he was in need of medicine (*ffisig*) and particularly wanted the milk of white goats. There was nothing, he said, comparable to



WILD GOATS ON THE GLYDERS IN SNOWDONIA. Such wild goats, says the author are probably descended from domestic stock which escaped to the hills

goats' milk and he was anxious to live a little longer.

This request for Snowdonian goats being sent to Anglesey did not, apparently, meet with the approval of Gruffydd ab Tudur af Howell, an Anglesey gentleman, who made a poem in reply which was both scathing and humorous, in accordance with the custom of the times. In the beginning of the poem he vividly describes Syr Dafydd Trefor, his sacred office and his dress. He then accuses him of drinking wine given to him by his neighbours and attacks him severely for introducing goats to Anglesey, for by doing so, agriculture and forestry would suffer. He calls them the "pack of Belials," robbers of homes and an army of tallowed eyes.

Whether Syr Dafydd Trefor was able to prolong his life by the importation of these goats to Anglesey is not recorded. There is nothing to suggest, however, that wild or feral goats have ever occurred in Anglesey; indeed the country is hardly suitable for these active animals except, possibly, on some of the coastal cliffs.

Goats have long been associated with Snowdonia, and Mr. Bob Owen, an historian of Penrhyndeudraeth, Merioneth, has sent me extracts from wills of the 17th and 18th centuries which give some idea of goat breeding in Snowdonia. The following—on the estate of Owen, Griffith, of Clogwyn Gwin, who died in 1716—is typical. Cows of all sorts, 74; horses, 2; sheep of all sorts, 90; goats of all sorts, 30. The value of goats during this period seems to have varied between 1s. each and about 2s. 6d. There was a ready market in Liverpool for tubs of goats' butter, and there are a number of poems giving accounts of these transactions.

Mr. Bob Owen also tells me that before the walls were built on the side of the mountains in Snowdonia (i.e. before 1820) the cows used to graze to the mountain summits,

including even Snowdon, and there would be a shepherd looking after them. By running the light goats with the dark cattle shepherds could more easily keep their herds within sight. Indeed, goats were sometimes referred to as *Wal wen* (white wall).

By the beginning of the last century the goat had been superseded by the sheep, and Mr. Owen states that after 1804 "there were hardly any accounts of goats in wills and inventories etc. in the Snowdonia district." It seems reasonable to suppose, therefore, that as interest in goat-breeding waned, less effort was made to round up straying beasts, and this resulted in the establishment of feral goats in the mountains of Snowdonia and surrounding district, the descendants of which still remain, to be joined at times by further "escapees," for even with the advent of sheep farming, a few goats were commonly grazed with the sheep for they guided the less intelligent sheep to lower ground from snow-drift areas. Owing to difficulty in shepherding, these goats frequently went wild. Indeed the urge to go feral seems particularly strong in the Welsh goat.

The main concentration of wild goats in Snowdonia to-day is to be found in the rugged country that lies between Llyn Ogwen valley and the Pass of Llanberis. They range principally between Glyder Fawr (3,279 ft.), Glyder Fach (3,262 ft.) and Tryfan (3,010 ft.). Some goats, particularly old males that have been driven out during the rut, wander over to Y Garn (3,104 ft.), Elidyr Fawr (3,029 ft.), Y Foel Goch (2,726 ft.) and Moel Perfedd (2,750 ft.). Estimates as to the number of goats frequenting this wild domain vary considerably, but it is probably around 50 to 80.

Whatever their numerical status, the goats are extremely difficult to spot, so well does the dirty white colour of many of the animals blend with their rocky surroundings. This, no doubt, accounts for the rare occasions the goats appear to be seen by climbers in the district. Mr. C. D. Milner, in his book *Mountain Photography*, says he has seen them only once in twenty years' climbing in the district.

In winter, particularly when the weather is severe, the goats seek the lower altitudes and are frequently met with in the Pass of Llanberis. During the winter of 1952 a large billy was often seen near the climbers' hut at Pont-y-Gromlech seeking scraps thrown away by the climbers, but by March 15 he had disappeared. During the summer and autumn the goats seldom venture below the 2,000-ft. level.

From time to time goats are seen on Snowdon itself (3,493 ft.), principally on the north-east face overlooking the Pass of Llanberis, but



TWIN KIDS ON CRAIG-Y-BENGLOG, WHERE THE LOCAL NANNIES ALWAYS HAVE THEIR YOUNG

ere does not appear to be any permanent herd here, and any animals encountered on Snowdon have crossed over the Pass from the Glyders. Sixty years ago there were goats in the Nantgwynant—the valley south of Snowdon—and Llynedd Mawr near Beddgelert, but they appear to have been shot off. Early in the last century there was, at Nantgwynant, still a market for goat fat to make tallow candles for use at Llanarmon.

North of the Glyders, there does not seem to be much movement of goats across the Llyn Ogwen valley, and very seldom are goats ever seen on Carnedd Dafydd (3,426 ft.), Carnedd Llewelyn (3,484 ft.) or Foel Fras (3,091 ft.).

Before the second World War there was a moderate-sized herd of goats resident on Moel Siabod (2,860 ft.), which lies south of the Glyders, but since 1920 much of this area has been planted over by the Forestry Commission and recent reports suggest that the herd has been shot off. Goats also frequent Mynydd Mawr—a wild and steep mountain (2,290 ft.) rising from the shores of Llyn Cwellyn—but when I visited the district in 1952 only two—both billies—could be located.

Some fine goats are to be seen on the Great Orme near Llandudno but they have little claim to be called "wild;" nor are they the true Welsh goat that many people imagine them to be. "The strain we have here," writes Mr. R. Parker, chief agent to the Mostyn Estates, "was, I believe, introduced to the Orme from Windsor Great Park. The goats were kept mainly to supply regimental goats for the Royal Welch Fusiliers at a time when Colonel Mostyn, a member of the Mostyn family, was in command of the Welch Regiment. It is possibly 60 or 70 years ago since these goats were introduced to the Great Orme." He continues: "From time to time domestic goats have escaped from captivity in the vicinity and have gone out to the Orme, so that the existing strain is by no means the pure strain which emanated from Windsor." The Windsor strain was, I believe, the Cashmere goat.

There are three districts in Merioneth in which wild goats may be encountered, but in none of them is their origin known. Borrow, in his *Wild Wales*, wrote that he saw (about 1840-1850) some wild goats near Ffestiniog and their descendants are still to be found in the district, principally on Moelwyn (2,527 ft.). So, also, are the descendants of the Cwmbychan-Rhinog goats mentioned by Thomas Pennant in his *Tours in Wales (circa 1770)*. He considered their flesh little inferior to that of deer. Goat flesh—or *coch yr uder* as it was called—did not suit Torbuck's palate, however, for in 1738 (*A Trip to North Wales*) he observes that "an Englishman would as soon choose to dine with a hungry Tartar upon sunburnt horse flesh as put a bit of it into his mouth." Of the goats

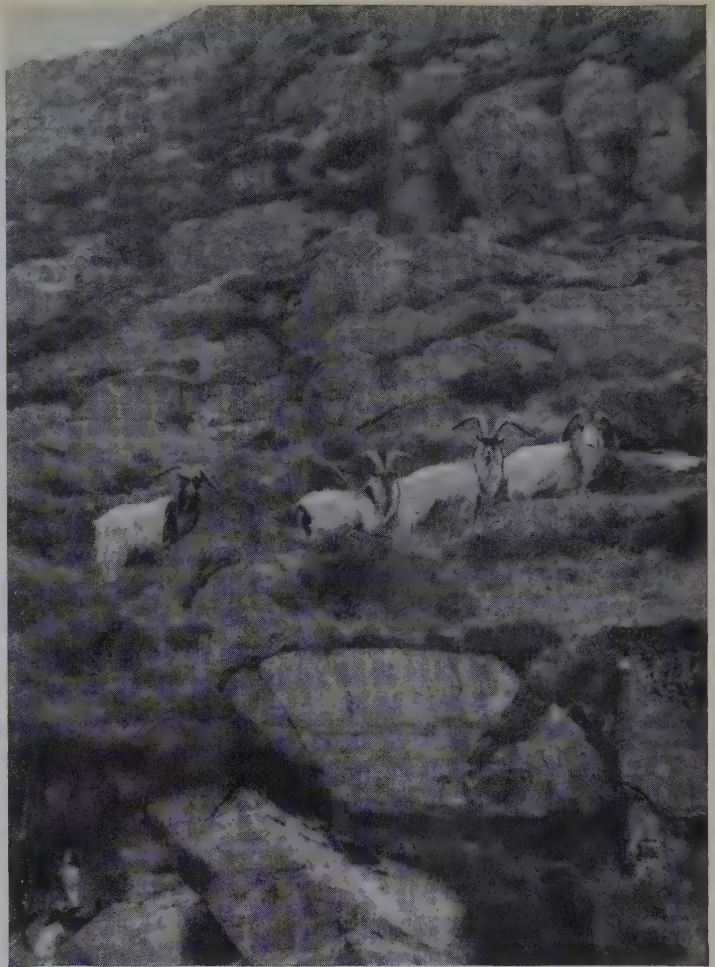
themselves he says they "are such excellent climbers that the only way to be familiarly acquainted with them is to tender your Respects by a Musquet Ball."

The range of the Rhinog goats is extensive. While they are, perhaps, more often seen on Careg-y-Saeth (1,442 ft.) above Cwmbychan Lake, they frequent also Rhinog Fawr (2,362 ft.), Rhinog Fach (2,333 ft.), Foel Ddu (1,551 ft.) and lesser peaks in the district. Owing to persecution, they are usually very wild and keep to the rocky mountains. In the early spring the billies are frequently seen on Foel Ddu and Cerig Ddu, but the nannies seem more attracted to Rhinog Fach above Nant Col.

In the late spring, when the trees start to come into leaf, the goats tend to come down into the woods around Cwmbychan; in summer and autumn the billies in particular are more often seen on the east side of the Rhinogs. On occasions, when disturbed, the goats will wander on to Yllethr (2,475 ft.) and Diphwys (2,462 ft.) and even as far south as Llaur Llech near Barmouth; in a northerly direction they have sometimes been seen on the Y Graigddrwg range just north of Cwmbychan Lake. Their total strength is not known, but probably does not exceed twenty or thirty in the whole region.

Before the late war many of the shots for the film *The Drum* were taken at Cwmbychan, and it is said that a herd of Afghan goats, specially imported for some of the scenes, were subsequently liberated on to the Cwmbychan hills. Although this story has several times been repeated in the Press and elsewhere, I have been unable to find any evidence to confirm it.

In Central Merioneth a number of goats



FOUR LARGE BILLIES ABOVE CWMBYCHAN LAKE

frequent the mountains that run along the north side of the road between Dolgelly and Llanuwchllyn. These goats range from the eastern slopes of Rhobell Fawr (2,408 ft.) and Dduallt (2,155 ft.), in the north to the rocks of Wenallt just above the main road, their usual haunts being around Craig-y-Benglog and Foel Ddu (1,527 ft.), some six miles east of Dolgelly, and also on Craig-y-Ronwydd and Craig Tan near Llanuwchllyn. The country here is not as rugged as on the Rhinogs and the goats are undoubtedly more domesticated, for not only are they much easier of approach but their coloration, particularly that of the nannies, shows considerable variation, ranging from black, black and white, white and light sandy brown to smoky grey, with many intermediate variants. Ownership is claimed by some local farmers.

The nannies make Craig-y-Benglog their headquarters, and it is here that the kids will be found in the early spring. The billies seem to prefer Craig-y-Ronwydd, but always visit Craig-y-Benglog in the summer and stay until the autumn for the rut. A few nannies also frequent Craig-y-Ronwydd. As at Cwmbychan, the goats frequently come down from the hill in the spring to feed on budding hedgerows and in the woods. Formerly wild goats frequented the sea cliffs near Fishguard in Pembroke as well as further inland on the Prescelly Hills, but they now appear to be extinct.

Before the last war a few goats were to be found on Dinas Head, but they were destroyed in 1942 by the local pests officer because of their nightly visits to farm crops.

The legal status as to the ownership of the wild goat in Wales is obscure, but generally ownership is claimed by the farmer on whose land the goats happen to make their headquarters. Some farmers welcome goats on their lands, others would prefer to be without them, for they do considerable damage to stone walls by their habit of walking along the tops instead of jumping straight over. As a shepherd I met on Craig-y-Benglog put it: "I blast 'em, but my friend Richards blesses 'em. He has no walls to worry about."



FINE GOATS ON THE GREAT ORME NEAR LLANDUDNO. These are not true wild goats; the strain has provided regimental goats for the Royal Welch Fusiliers

MOTORING NOTES

DRIVING IN BAD WEATHER

By J. EASON GIBSON

RECENT quirks in the weather have produced sudden changes in road conditions, often sufficiently varied to indicate once again that only a small proportion of everyday motorists are aware of the necessity to drive in different ways when the road is slippery and when it is bone dry. This was underlined the other week-end when it was possible to watch experienced racing drivers coping with the suddenly changing conditions during the practising period for the *Daily Express* Trophy meeting at Silverstone, Northamptonshire. So sudden and abrupt were some of the storms that a driver could find himself driving from a completely dry portion of the circuit on to one where the road was almost awash. Despite these alarming conditions not a single accident resulted, and even those drivers whose cars were involved in skids never lost control.

The reason for the difference between the ordinary motorist and the racing driver is that all but the least worthy of racing drivers are striving constantly to improve their technique, because of the spur of competition, whereas the everyday motorist tends to be satisfied if he can progress from one point to another without becoming involved in difficulties. If one watches such drivers on the road, even when weather and road conditions are perfect, it is soon obvious why they run into trouble when forced to drive on roads made skiddy by rain, ice or snow.

* * *

I often notice when following motorists that many of them take corners much too roughly, with the result that excessive side strain is placed on the car. When the road is dry the driver notices nothing untoward, though were he more sensitive he would do so; but such driving on slippery roads will cause either a skid or else an unnecessary reduction in speed. But the driver who takes a smooth line through the corner will put much less side strain on the tyres, and as a result the risk of skidding will be very much reduced.

It has to be remembered that the moment the front wheels are turned from the straight-ahead position, centrifugal force acts outwards, and the tyres are strained considerably as this force tends to break the adhesion between tyres and road. Readers will have noticed that if a number of corners are taken too fast the sideways force can be felt, as both driver and front passenger tend to slide across the seat. One might think that the fact that clothing and upholstery do not adhere would suggest to drivers that the tyres and the road could lose their mutual adhesion. Just as a smooth and perhaps shiny suit will slide more easily across the seat than a rough one, so will a tyre slide on the road if such a lubricating agent as water is present.

* * *

Taking a car away from rest on an ice-covered road or in a muddy car park is in many ways similar to coaxing a racing car away from the starting line. The modern Grand Prix car has about four times the horse power of the average family car, enough to spin the wheels wildly from rest if the driver is careless. Yet repeatedly one sees racing cars leaving the line like rockets, but after the race-meeting many spectators find it impossible to extract their cars from the car park without external assistance. It is perhaps because such drivers normally press the pedal controls without thought that if anything abnormal is encountered panic sets in. At Silverstone the other Saturday I saw one or two motorists using all the wrong methods to traverse a slippery patch in one of the car parks. The drivers approached at too low a speed, possibly through nervousness, and when they felt the clogging effect of the mud their reaction was to open the throttle suddenly and fully. Almost needless to say, this caused severe wheelspin. The correct method is to cross the muddy patch at a steady speed, with enough throttle given well in advance so that there will be no sudden surge sufficient to destroy wheel adhesion.

Half the battle when driving under such

conditions is to look well ahead so that one can prepare for any eventuality. This applies equally when one is driving on the road during the winter, as common-sense observation will often give a hint of the road conditions likely to be met. This will reduce the risk of going into a corner too fast and finding it coated with ice or mud. Once the winter is with us it is always wise to slow down and be prepared for an icy patch when one sees overhanging trees ahead. Similarly, a farm situated on a corner suggests that there is a danger of finding the road covered with mud carried there by cattle. If such hazards are prepared for well in advance, they need hold no terrors.

Apart from the approved method of correcting a skid by steering in the direction in which the rear wheels are sliding, it is possible to prevent the skid not only by taking a more gentle line through corners, but by steering outwards slightly once the car has assumed its cornering attitude. This may need some slight explanation. After one has turned the steering wheel the required amount to take the corner, the complete response of the car can be easily felt. When this occurs it will often be found

possible to relax the steering slightly, without actually altering the car's line through the corner. If this is done the side strain will be reduced appreciably, which will prevent a skid. This method will be found especially effective on right-hand corners, where the additional strain of the car cornering on the wrong camber can be counteracted. In the case of cars which have a tendency to slide the front rather than the rear wheels under bad road conditions, it is worth remembering that it is best to take corners with the engine driving the car rather than when coasting. This is important with all cars, but it is specially so with cars having the characteristics I have described.

Country-dwellers have the opportunity of improving their driving, as compared with others, by learning from their experiences on muddy ground and slippery by-ways. I would suggest that those drivers anxious to improve their technique would be well advised to go and look for trouble, as this will give them the opportunity of practising corrective measures in peace and quiet, with the result that when such methods become necessary in an emergency they will be able to act instinctively.



ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER-GILT CANDELABRA PRESENTED BY H.M. THE QUEEN TO THE NEW RULER OF MALAYA. The candelabra, 24½ ins. high, were made in 1817 and are decorated with foliage and flowers. They stand on walnut plinths which bear the inscription: "From Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to His Majesty the Yang Di-Pertuan Agong on the occasion of the independence of Malaya 31st August, 1957"

FLUTE PLAYERS OF THE 18th CENTURY

By H. CLIFFORD SMITH

[BEG leave to introduce two young men. We know nothing of them personally, save that they both lived in the first half of the 18th century and that they both played upon the flute.

The record of the first of these two young musicians—whose name is unknown—has come down in the form of a charming small full-length portrait painted in about 1735 by an artist who signs himself I. Cole (possibly J. or T.), by whom no other painting is recorded (Fig. 1). Of the second young musician, one Martin Browne, of Louth, Lincolnshire, only documentary evidence exists—an inventory of his "goods and chattels" made on his death, presumably at his father's instructions, in 1725.

The portrait by Cole is the property of Lord Bearsted. The original inventory of the personal possessions of Martin Browne belongs to me. Some little time ago the picture, measuring 28 ins. by 30 ins. and called *The Flute Player*, was shown me by Lord Bearsted, who in 1948 presented Upton House, Warwickshire, and the whole of its contents to the National Trust. At the first sight of *The Flute Player* I fell under his spell, but all I could learn was that the picture was painted about 1735, and that the artist's name was Cole. Whether I., J. or T. Cole seemed to be in doubt. The name of Cole was a familiar one at the period when *The Flute Player* was portrayed as belonging to a number of engravers, but whether J. or T. Cole was a member of this family I have been unable to ascertain.

Nothing is known of the provenance of the picture, which antedates Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, painted in 1745, by some five years, and there is no contemporary work with which it could be compared. Judging by the picture itself, it is evident that Cole was acquainted with the Dutch little masters of the 17th century, and especially Peter de Hooch, whose style it closely resembles.

The flute the young man is holding is a German flute. At the time his portrait was painted it was quite the most fashionable instrument in amateur musical circles and took the place of the original flute, which was the recorder. The flute itself appears to be of ebony and the mounts or "tips" are almost certainly silver—a metal reserved for the more



1.—*THE FLUTE PLAYER*, PAINTED ABOUT 1735 BY AN ARTIST WHO SIGNED HIMSELF COLE. The young man is playing the transverse or German flute, which was a novelty in this country at that date

expensive instruments. To play the German flute bespoke a man of quality.

The young man, who has just been playing and is now taking a brief rest, has dark eyes and curled and powdered hair. His black three-cornered hat, edged with silver braid, is turned up on one side and ornamented with a silver brooch or cockade. His overcoat, of scarlet, is buttoned above and open below, showing a greenish-blue coat trimmed with broad bands of patterned silver braid. At his wrist are ruffles, and a white silk scarf is wound round his neck.

The breeches, visible beneath the coat, are plum-coloured and the stockings grey, and the black pointed shoes have silver buckles. Just visible behind the voluminous skirts of his outer coat is the silver handle of his court sword. On the little finger of his left hand is a small emerald ring.

The low tones of the room in which the flautist stands are well chosen to set off his gay attire, and the plain panelled walls are painted French grey. Against the wall on the left is a walnut table on which is propped a music book in manuscript. Behind this is a small pile of books and near the music is an open book, with the title page in red lettering, and an unfolded plate. A knotted scarf hangs over the edge of the table at the further end. A pair of dividers and a two-foot rule rest on the sunk top of the table, which has cabriole legs and triangular feet.

Such details as these give an intimate air to the room, as do the hanging shelves with their leather-bound books and the French horn on an adjacent wall. Before the open door is a rush-seated walnut chair with a tall spoon-shaped back, the poor drawing of which shows that the painter was an indifferent draughtsman. Beyond, a second room is seen, with a red-curtained window opening on to a courtyard with a view of a red brick wall. When I first saw *The Flute Player*, I thought I was face-to-face with the portrait of a young man I knew.

I have had a copy of Martin Browne's inventory made, as it is clearer than in the original manuscript.

It reads as follows:

"An Inventory of all & singular the Goods & Chattles of Martin Browne late of Louth in the County of Lincoln, Esq.^r. Appraized by us whose names are und.^r written the Twenty seventh day of May Anno Dni 1725. Impr^m is his Purse & Apparell, £500; An Escritore, £10 10s.; An Harpsicord, £30; A Claricott, £4 4s.; A violin & several ffutes, £2 2s.; A Parsell of Musick Books, £20; In his Study & Closett Books, £30; An Horse & ffurniture, £21; Two Alsos, £5; A silver Monteth & Ladle, £20; A silver Tobacco Box, £2 2s.; Arrears of Rent & Debts, £300; A Small Telluscope, £3 3s.; Three Guns & several Arms, £10; Several Cutts, Pictures & Massotinto Cutts, £5 5s.; Several other Things omitted & overlooked, £10; A Watch & Watch-Case, £9 9s.; Total, £982 15s. Sam: Townraw Sen^r. Sam: Townraw Jun^r. (Endorsed) My son Martin Browne's Will & Inventory. 27th May 1725."

The two young men seem to have had many tastes in common. Both possessed a love of music, of reading and of the arts. But *The Flute Player* could not have been a likeness of Martin Browne: the flute the player is holding tells us so.

The death in 1725 of Martin Browne occurred ten years or so before *The Flute Player* was painted. He is unlikely to have played a German flute, because such an instrument was little known in this country until later. Even ten years after his death the flute was something of a novelty. Martin Browne's "ffutes" were recorders. It was from his inventory that I learned much about what a young man's life



Peter Thompson

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER

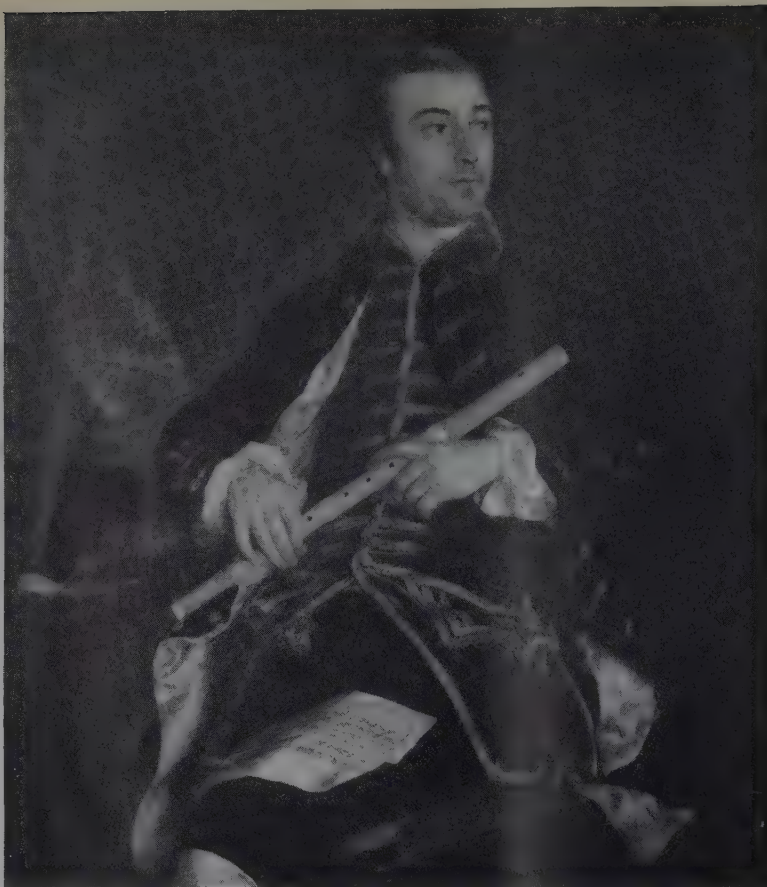
At the Violin, Hautboy, & German Flute the West end of St. Paul's Church yard. Makes mends & sells all sorts of Musical Instruments, Viz: Violins, Bass Violins, Viols, Hautboys, German & English Flutes, Harpsicords, Spinnetts, French Horns, Trumpets, &c. Books of Instructions, & all sorts of Books for the above Instruments, Ruled Books & Hand Paper, Songs, Reeds, Spinnet Wire, and the best Roman Strings, Wholesale & Retail.



2.—TRADE CARD OF AN INSTRUMENT MAKER WHO WAS ACTIVE ABOUT 1740. On the right of the violin is a German flute

was in the days of George I. From his "purse and apparrell," valued at £500, and money owing to him (£300) I take him to have been quite well-to-do. "An escritore" (value ten guineas) suggests one who was a good correspondent and careful with his accounts as a landlord. His many and various instruments bespeak his musical tastes. The "claricott" would be a clavichord and the "fflutes" recorders. Books to the value of £30 disclose an intellectual companion and "an horse and furniture" a lover of the hunt and the open air. His two asses (described as two alsos) were kept as luggage carriers for visits to friends or for the milk they could yield for the family. "Three guns and several arms" proclaim the sportsman or fowler. A "silver monteth" (that is, monteith and ladle for serving punch), together with a "silver tobacco box," show his social side. Finally, his artistic tastes are revealed in his "several cutts" (wood-cuts), "pictures" and "massotinto cutts" (mezzotint engravings).

The trade card of Peter Thompson, "Musical Instrument Maker, at the Violin, Hautboy and German Flute, the west end of St. Paul's Church-yard," is now in the Banks collection at the British Museum (Fig. 2). It shows on either side of the violin and bow an oboe



3.—PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM WOLLASTON BY GAINSBOROUGH

and a German flute. This make was still active in 1740, some years after Martin Browne's time.

An admirable picture by Gainsborough, a great lover of musical instruments, exists at Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich, the property of the Ipswich Corporation, which was described and illustrated by Mr. Arthur Oswald in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 12, 19 and 26, 1954. This picture (Fig. 3), once in the Wythes Collection, depicts William Wollaston, formerly of Finborough Hall, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, and M.P. from 1768 to 1784 for Ipswich. He is shown three-quarter length, looking to his left. He holds a jointed flute in both hands, wears a dark blue coat and a long-skirted waistcoat of ruby velvet, both gold braided. A three-cornered hat is on the table on his right. If the execution of his portrait could be established as before Gainsborough's removal to Bath in 1760, it would have a bearing on the dating of many others which now tend to be ascribed to the "early Bath period." A portrait group, also by Gainsborough, which dates from about 1751 and shows a seated figure, possibly Gainsborough himself, playing a flute, was lent by Lt.-Col. M. St. J. Barne to the Gainsborough exhibition held by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery in 1953.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES By EILUNED LEWIS

IN common with many English families, we have a French *demoiselle* staying in our home. Never before has this shuttle-service of youth between England and the Continent worked so briskly, and by now, with schools already re-opened and the academic term looming, most of the travellers have returned home with their tennis racquets and bathing clothes, their instruments of music, store of photographs, newly acquired language, friendships and memories. Françoise, our charming Gallic guest, with her studies behind her, has arrived later than most and not as part of the summer migration. She comes from a famous old university city of the Midi, a fountain of learning which, last year, supplied one of my family with small, delightful sips. Now it is our turn to do the honours and I am wondering where we should begin.

A visit to Oxford is an obvious *quid pro quo*, and of course London, but meantime in this last enchantment of ending summer, while the robin sings and the landscape wears its autumn grace, we can show her our south country. Already she has remarked on its unexpected greenness and wealth of flowers. On the day before she arrived a mixture of duty and pleasure led us into Hampshire and Sussex, and I wished she had been with us. Yet would it have been quite tactful, after lunching at Portsmouth, to take a French girl round the *Victory*?

Well, plenty of Britons hasten to gaze at Napoleon's chocolate blanc-mange tomb in Paris, and French visitors must be used by now to booking their tickets at Waterloo. It is the English who are most likely to view Nelson's flagship with emotion. With a mixture of wonder and pride one is shown round the famous little line-of-battle ship; wonder that so brave and patriotic a spirit in officers and men should survive such hardships and privations.

* * *

"LITTLE" is the right word for a comparison with to-day's steel-clad giants, yet what an impression of space and proportion lingers about those wooden walls and scrubbed decks. Captain Hardy, we know, was well over six foot in height, and his cabin has the dignified grace of

a Georgian house, but what happened when the captain visited Dr. Beatty in the cockpit? He must have walked forever hunched. I speak with feeling, having bumped my head severely at the spot where Nelson died. No doubt the small stature of the great admiral was a considerable advantage. Those cramped quarters of the ship's surgeon, the neat rows of his grim instruments and his medicine chest, and the thought of operations performed by candle-light (contained in a ship's lantern) without anaesthetic on a floor purposely stained red, are among the strong and sobering impressions carried away from the *Victory*.

One remembers too that after enemy action, the ship's doctor having his hands more than full, it was the task of the midshipmen to separate the dead from the living, and make quick decision on which bodies were to be thrown overboard.

* * *

PERHAPS after all I don't mind that gentle Françoise missed our Portsmouth morning, but I wish she had been with us as we drove on along the coast towards Chichester. Here, although the landscape at times wears a Dutch air, we were in that part of England where the ties are strongest between us and our neighbours across the Channel. It was from Bosham, where his manor lay beside the Saxon minster, that Harold set forth on that visit to William of Normandy, so disastrously returned later at Pevensey and Hastings. In the Bayeux tapestry Harold is depicted with hawk on wrist riding towards Bosham church, and then praying for the success of his mission.

Had Harold's prayers been answered that day, there would be no Chichester Cathedral, and that is a place to which I should certainly like to take Françoise, if only to show how well French and English materials combine. For most of the stone of the beautiful interior was brought from Caen in Normandy, in pleasing contrast with the rougher blocks from the Isle of Wight and the slender shafts of Purbeck marble.

What builders they were, those Normans, and how much one forgives them—there is a good deal to forgive—for what they built.

Chichester was begun under William Rufus, but the Caen stone and the exquisite flying buttresses and pointed Gothic arches of the clerestory newly arrived from France, like the latest fashions of to-day, belong to 1180.

* * *

THE rest of Chichester is so English that I do not think we could do better than allow our guest to spend a day wandering there, with the September sunlight falling on the lawns of the clergy houses, on their flower-beds glowing with zinnias and dahlias, and on the warm red brick of the houses in the style of Wren. With its Cathedral life, its market days and the races at Goodwood every July, Chichester is the perfect exemplar of an English rural capital, yet for some of us it is the poetic tradition of the city that speaks most clearly. William Collins is the great poet of this neighbourhood, as his sad epitaph in the Cathedral relates.

Much as I admire *Ode to Evening*, it is more exciting to learn that young John Keats came to Chichester in January, 1819, and (as he wrote to his brother George) took with him "some of the thin paper and wrote on it a little poem called *St. Agnes' Eve*." Now I know this, the poem takes on a new aspect. Owl and trembling hare and silent flock are all Sussex creatures. There must have been a keen frost in January, 1819, and of course, the Beadsman, the "patient, holy man," belongs to Chichester Cathedral where

The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,

*Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies . . .*

On one of the Arundel tombs lie a knight and his lady, side by side, who might well stir the imagination of any poet, or for that matter any pair of lovers tiptoeing round the nave. The knight in full armour holds his right gauntlet in his left hand, and with his bare right hand clasps the lady's slender fingers.

In spite of the printed notice beside the tomb, I like to fancy that here lie Porphyro and his fair Madeline, those "lovers fled away into the storm" who inspired a poem more lasting than any stone.

CORRESPONDENCE

A STRANGE BIRD
FRIENDSHIP

SIR,—I was interested in the article *Friendships between Animals* (September 12) and think your readers may like to hear about a strange friendship between two birds.

For many years I have kept cranes on the lawn in front of the house, but I have never been able to keep them going and now have only one crown-crested crane from West Africa, a most beautiful bird. I did have two, but one died about five years ago; I bought the two birds about fifteen years ago. My remaining crane is quite happy alone and is most friendly and tame, but he hates strangers.

Last year a lady who lives with us got some day-old pullets and reared them on the lawn with the crane. When the pullets got large they were



DOVECOTE BUILT OVER THE DOME
OF AN ICE-HOUSE AT ICKENHAM,
MIDDLESEX

See letter: Dovecote Combined with Ice-house

moved to the hen run at the back of the house. The pullets were Black Leghorns and could fly well. One was always flying over the wall and joining the crane on the lawn. It was taken back to the other pullets three or four times and always flew back to the crane, so I said "Let it stay."

It and the crane are now never apart. When the crane lies down, the hen lies at its side. It is a curious sight to see the crane pruning the hen's feathers, which he does regularly. They always walk together on the lawn and are a very quaint sight.

The hen lays an egg on most days and the crane accompanies her to the nest, which she has made in some nettles. As soon as the egg is laid and the hen leaves the nest, the crane promptly eats the egg and leaves nothing but an empty shell.—L. REGINALD WAUD, *Bradley Court, near Newbury, Berkshire.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S
DONKEY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Queen Victoria in the chaise drawn by a white donkey to which your correspondent, Mr. A. Bertram Robson, referred in his letter of August 29.

I should be interested to know if you or any of your readers can identify the house in front of which the photograph was taken. Is it the Villa Liserb, as in Mr. Robson's picture and, if so, can any reader tell me exactly where this was, and when the Queen stayed there?

I understand that a white Egyptian donkey used to be stabled at Osborne and that the Queen drove it about the grounds there. I presume that this would be the same animal, and I should be interested to know its history.—R. E. PAGE (Mrs.), *The Old Rectory, Harpole, Northamptonshire.*

DOVECOTE COMBINED
WITH ICE-HOUSE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest in view of the recent correspondence on ice-houses, since it shows what I think is a unique example in that it is built into a dovecote.

The photograph shows the dome of the ice-house in the foreground, and a section of the wall with the nest boxes still in place. Unfortunately, the building is suffering at the hands of children and from the weather, and unless steps are taken it seems likely to go into a rapid decline. This dovecote is one of the six or so still left in Middlesex, and is to be found at Swakeleys, Ickenham, where the house is being used as a sports club. It appears that the ice-house originally had an entrance at ground level, but the dovecote had a separate entrance reached by a ladder leading to a brick platform, which surrounded the ice-house dome.

Nearly half of the approximately 750 nesting places must have been below the level of this platform. I only hope it will be possible to do something to save this unique dovecote ice-house.—COLIN OSMAN, 19, *Doughty-street, London W.C.1.*

TURF RIDGES'
ORIGIN

SIR,—I was interested in the correspondence about turf ridges, started in your issue of June 13. They are caused by animals, chiefly sheep, but are also used by smaller animals. They are quite common on hillsides everywhere. I published an illustration of some near



ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE AT BLISLAND, CORNWALL,
WITH SCROLLED GABLE ENDS OF GRANITE

See letter: Scrolled Gable Ends

Courthall Castle, Lanarkshire, in the third (1954) impression of my book, *Archaeology in the Field* (Phoenix House). These ridges have no resemblance either to prehistoric lynchets or to the much later mediaeval strip-lynchets, both of which are much bigger.—O. G. S. CRAWFORD, *Nursling, Southampton.*

AN ALBINO TOAD?

SIR,—One evening recently what appeared to be an albino toad got into the house. It was pale cream in colour with light brown markings, and we were intrigued by its extraordinary colour. Are there such things as albino toads; or had it been in a dark corner for some time and so lost its proper hue?—GWENDOLLYN M. HAWKES (Mrs.), *Brown Roof, Stapeley, Nantwich, Cheshire.*

SCROLLED GABLE ENDS

SIR,—Curious scrolled gable ends, skilfully worked in the local granite, can be seen on mansion, manor house and cottage in widely separated parts of Cornwall. This purely decorative terminal would appear to be peculiar to Cornish secular architecture, for I have never come across it on church gables or in any other part of Britain where there is much building in granite, including Devon.

The scrolled gable end is an exceedingly effective local mannerism associated especially with Tudor domestic architecture. Of the examples known to me, a cottage at St. Just-in-Penwith dates from the 14th century, the manor house at Blisland, of which I enclose a photograph, from the 16th, while Trerice and Lanhydrock were built about 1570 and 1636 respectively.—CECIL FRENCH, 26, *Fairfield-avenue, Whipton, Exeter, Devon.*

EARTHWORK OF THE
IRON AGE?

SIR,—After reading Miss Evelyn Hardy's interesting article, *Changes in a Sussex Parish* (September 12), I thought I might enlarge on the recently discovered earthwork in Hammer Wood, near Iping.

During April I took part in the excavations at Hammer Wood, which proved disappointing. Some of the earthwork's features suggested Roman work; others pointed to an Iron Age origin. The only clue to its date was a fragment of pottery which suggested the latter date.

The earthwork stands on an unusual site and its defences are complex. If it is of Iron Age date it is especially interesting, as there is little



QUEEN VICTORIA WITH HER WHITE DONKEY IN FRONT OF AN UNIDENTIFIED HOUSE

See letter: Queen Victoria's Donkey

evidence of Iron Age activity in the Sussex Weald.

On its western side it commands a strong position overlooking a hammer pond, which suggests its possible use as a mining-camp, though there is no evidence that iron was smelted at Hammer Wood before the 17th century (Straker, *Wealden Iron*). There is a mining-camp at Pipers Copse, Kirdford, of Iron Age date.

On its eastern side it is bounded by the Roman road from Silchester to Chichester. Much of this beyond the *Mansio* at Iping has yet to be uncovered.

Hammer Wood still remains much of an enigma and curiosity demands to know whether it was peopled by the Roman legions or the Iron Age Britons, though it was probably utilised by both. Perhaps one of the most puzzling of its many puzzling features is the fact that it remained undetected for so long.—MICHAEL R. BRABY, *The Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes, Sussex*.

FOR WAKING THE OSTLER?

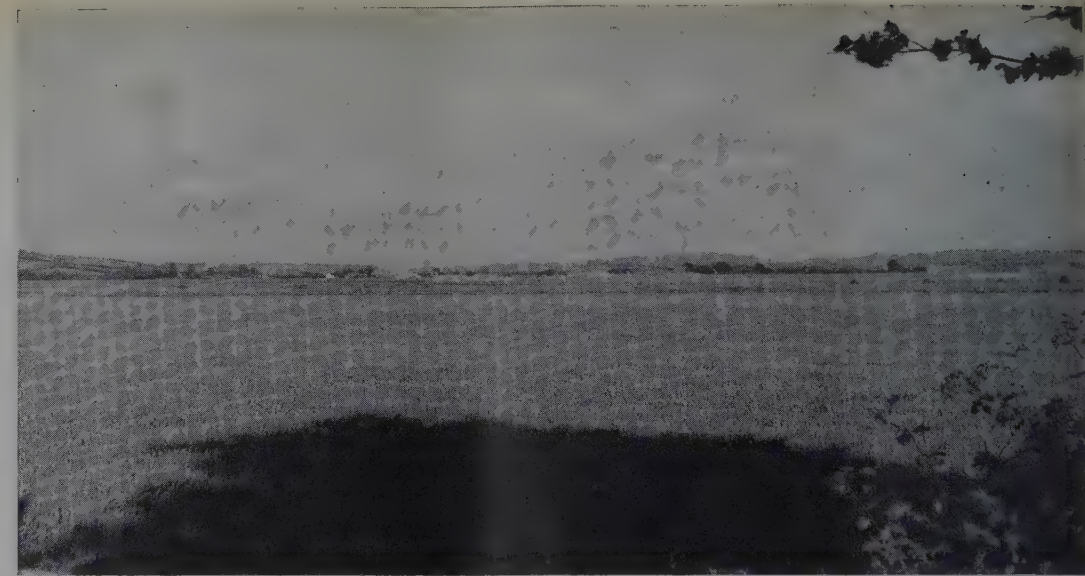
SIR,—About 18 months ago a customer called at a public house in Bracknell, Berkshire, and remarked upon the 9-ins. square bottle end inserted in the wall of the saloon bar. He asked whether the saloon bar was a fairly modern addition to the public house and was told by the landlord that from available evidence it appeared to be.

He showed considerable interest in this small glass panel and told the landlord that its position on what was then an outside wall indicated that it was what was known as a ringing glass. He said that such panes of glass were used by coachmen at night to arouse the sleeping ostler by banging on them with the butt end of their whips, so that the ostler should be awakened without disturbing the remainder of the house.

Behind the pane of glass in question is a small cupboard which could easily have housed a sleeping servant, so that there is the possibility that the customer may have been correct. Has any of your readers heard of similar ringing glasses?—G.E.D., *Reading, Berkshire*.

OPEN OR ENCLOSED?

SIR,—When the enclosed photograph of Branton Great Field was taken in North Devon this summer, I believed it to be one of the few open fields left in England with the old



THE 350-ACRE FIELD AT BRAUNTON IN NORTH DEVON

See letter: *Open or Enclosed?*

method of strip cultivation, comparable with the survival at Laxton in Nottinghamshire. But I have since read in a book that the field is 350 acres in size and is remarkable as the largest enclosed field in England. Perhaps some well-informed reader will comment on the apparent paradox.

Can the explanation be that the field is enclosed accidentally, as it were, by the surround of individually-owned or normal fields, yet is itself open in multiple-ownership and strip cultivation?—J. D. U. WARD, *Rodhuish, Watchet, Somerset*.

FARM GATES FROM TREES

From Sir John Thornycroft

SIR,—Field gates of the type described by your correspondent (September 5) as being formed from a tree were not uncommon in the days when the village wheelwright made them, among other things, for farmers. I have several in working order which were not new when I first remember them about seventy years ago.

John Snow, of Bembridge, who was a good craftsman and had his own sawpit, was travelling sawyers at intervals cut his timber for him, provided what shipwrights call crooks, which he used for his gates. The work of mortising the slots for the horizontal

bars to pass through would necessarily be expensive in these days, but the gates looked better and lasted longer than the present-day pattern with diagonal bracing.—J. E. THORNYCROFT, *Steyne, Bembridge, Isle of Wight*.

COTSWOLD PUMP-HOUSES

SIR,—Two Cotswold pump-houses which can compare with Blandford's delightful example (*COUNTRY LIFE*, August 15) are shown in my photographs.

The pump-house with the cupola is at Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire, and is inscribed: "This fountain was presented to the parish of Barton-on-the-Heath by Major and Mrs. R. W. Bird in memory of their eldest son. 1874." Perhaps, since the style is scarcely typical of that date, it was re-erected; and the provision of a tap in addition to the lion's head which serves as waterspout seems to bear this out.

The pump-house at Farmington, Gloucestershire, is also pleasantly sited on the village green and has an interesting American connection. On it is inscribed: "Erected in memory of Edmund Waller Squire of this Parish ob. 20 March, 1899" and "Roof presented by some citizens of Farmington

U.S.A. in the 300th year of Connecticut's founding July 1935." An old guide-book shows a previous roof to have been of thatch, with a column rising on the wellhead.—M. U. JONES (Mrs.), *Snowberry Cottage, Preston Wynne, Herefordshire*.

SPARROWS IN A WAREHOUSE

SIR,—A large warehouse where food is stored has been invaded by sparrows. It is not practicable to seal up their means of entry and, as they are becoming a great nuisance, I wondered whether you or any of your readers know of a satisfactory method of keeping the birds away.—M. J. KINGHAM, *Orchards, Kingwood Common, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire*.

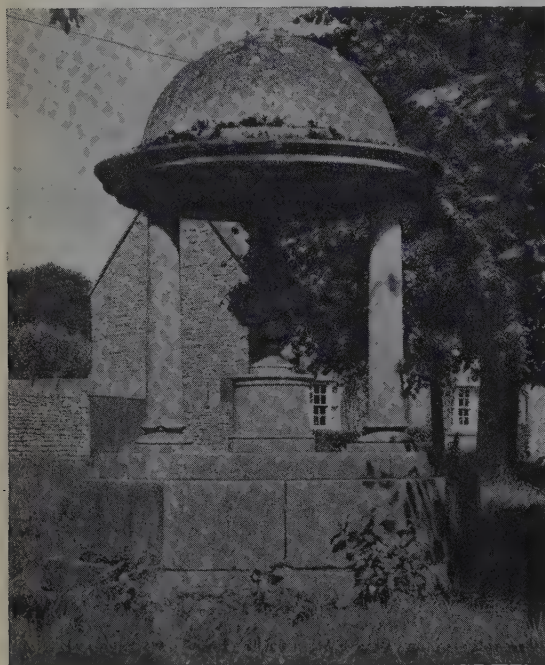
[When the Duke of Wellington was asked a similar question about sparrows in the Crystal Palace, he recommended sparrowhawks. Hawks might be harder to come by to-day, so we suggest the use of cats.—Ed.]

FARM EXPERIMENTS IN AFRICA

SIR,—Your editorial note *Water Conservation Made Easy* (August 8) reminds me of successful experiments carried out by Mr. E. A. Ritter, author of *Shaka Zulu*, some years ago. He spread waste sugar cane, which was crushed, on the surface of dams and open still water to prevent evaporation. As it was inert material and floating, no draw-off or purification problems were encountered and evaporation loss was greatly diminished.

Another achievement was the creation of a chemical which, when mixed with ordinary earth, caused it to become impervious to moisture. I accompanied Mr. Ritter some years ago to inspect a house roofed with this material. Off-cuts of local timber were laid on a ridge board, flat side down, presenting a rather attractive inside appearance. Bitumenised paper was then set over the off-cuts, and a thick slurry of sand, dug on the spot and mixed with chemical and water, was applied to a depth of about three inches. Ridges, valleys and guttering were fashioned *in situ*. One can imagine its cheapness, warmth in winter and coolness in summer. A thin wash with a broom and a slurry each year renewed it. It had withstood the high winds and tropical storms of Durban for several years and appeared to be good for many more.

The way was also pointed by him to what is now standard practice among stock breeders in Southern Africa during the long dry season of spraying parched pastures with a composition which made it very palatable. Experiments carried out at



PUMP-HOUSES AT (left) BARTON-ON-THE-HEATH, WARWICKSHIRE, AND FARMINGTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

See letter: *Cotswold Pump-houses*

the time proved that cattle ate avidly some sprayed thatch which had been on a roof for years in preference to maize, also available.

None of these inventions has been commercialised, so it is perhaps unnecessary for me to say I have no personal interest. Indeed, I merely met Mr. Ritter during a holiday some years ago, and I was, as a farmer, immensely impressed.—A. G. CHATWIN, *Welmode, P.O. Box 6, Umvukwes, Southern Rhodesia.*

SQUIRRELS AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES

SIR,—I recently read in *A Countryman's Notes* (July 11) the account of the squirrel that hoarded strawberries. Two years ago I wondered



18th-CENTURY CHAIR WITH INSIGNIA AND MOTTO ON THE BACK

See letter: *Insignia on a Chair*

what animal was collecting neat piles of strawberries between the rows. One morning I saw a red squirrel busy doing this, but he found his bolt-hole and made off.

This year one got entangled in the folds of a raspberry net on the ground in a friend's garden. It fought and bit savagely, and was released only with the help of a confederate rescuer with two pairs of tongs; the mesh round its neck was cut with scissors. It seemed rather exhausted, but none the worse.

It is of interest that both gardens are barely a mile from the centre of the town.—MABEL M. BOASE (Mrs.), *The White House, St. Andrews, Fife.*

PORTRAITS ON A HORN MUG

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter on a decorated horn mug (August 1) and enclose photographs of similar mugs in my collection. The "Tally-ho" mug is 4.7 ins. high; the mug with the two portraits has palms on the other side and is 3½ ins. high. I have also a mug showing a coach and horses, an inn and other houses, with the initials P.D. near the top and underneath.

Can you or any of your readers identify the man and woman portrayed, and give the approximate date of the mugs?—N. TARVER (Mrs.), *The Hollies, Sibford Gower, Banbury, Oxfordshire.*

[We suggest that the portraits may represent Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.—Ed.]

VICTORIAN TEACHERS' SALARIES

SIR,—Apropos of the receipt for £30 paid to a schoolmaster (August 1), I have recently become possessed of a

copy of the *Report of the Parochial Schools in Henham [Essex] with List of Subscribers & Statement of Accounts For the Year ending Michaelmas 1852.*

Therein are shown the following payments: One Year's Salary to Master, £5; Do. to Mistress, £20; Do. to Under Do., £12; Xmas Box to Mistress, £1.

In his report the Vicar points out that "Income from all sources is below the Expenditure . . . and this want of Funds is a great impediment to the efficiency of the Schools. He would venture to extend a hope that those Gentlemen of the Parish who have not hitherto contributed, would look over the accounts, and extend their aid and Patronage." He then goes on to give a list of subscribers and donors, nine names in all, followed by nine more names with blanks against them.—ALDYTH LANGDON (Miss), *The Crow's Nest, Porthleven, Helston, Cornwall.*

INSIGNIA ON A CHAIR

SIR,—The identity of the insignia on the back of the chair of which I enclose a photograph has evaded all attempts at finding it. It consists of a cartouche depicting four hands holding a heart in the centre; beneath it and across the top of the chair is the motto "Friendship, Unity and Fidelity."

I am satisfied that it is not heraldic and am assured that it is not Masonic. The Registrar of Friendly Societies has not been able to identify it as belonging to one of the larger orders. It would, however, seem certain that it was the master's or chairman's chair of a wealthy organisation in the 18th century. Can any of your readers throw light on the history of this chair?—JOHN A. FLOWER, JR., *Spes Bona, 34, The Bourne, Old Southgate, London, N.14.*

MALLARD'S THROAT TROUBLE

SIR,—A short time ago my wife noticed that one of our mallard ducks was bleeding slightly at the beak and seemed distressed and not able to eat properly. We tried, without success, to catch her. For several days she was obviously not well, sitting always apart from the other nine ducks and

uninterested in any food. After about a week I was able to catch her. Looking down her gullet I could see an obstruction, which I managed to hook out. It was the empty very hard shell of a common snail. Having had her trouble put right, the duck showed her gratitude by eating out of my hand—a thing she had never done before. This must have been her first proper meal for at least seven days.—GEOFFREY ROWELL, *Clock House, Dunmow, Essex.*

AN ORIGINAL SIGN

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in a photograph of the village sign at Barrow upon Soar, Leicestershire. The sign was built to celebrate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II and was completed in the early summer this year. Villagers subscribed to it, local craftsmen built it and a local architect designed it free.

The most prominent feature of the sign is the reproduction in cement of the fossil skeleton of the plesiosaurus discovered at Barrow in 1851. It is further decorated with six shields, of which five bear the coats-of-arms or crests of famous men connected with the village, and one bears the crest of the county of Leicester and a representation of the Quorn Hunt button.

The main body of the sign is of local granite and the woodwork is teak. It is lit at night by sunken lights under the canopy.—T. G. WILKINSON, 4, Upper Wimpole-street, London, W.1.

A FAMOUS BRIDGE IN ART

From Sir Arthur Hutchinson

SIR,—Having recently had the good fortune to be presented with Edward Dayes's painting of the iron bridge at Coalbrookdale, Shropshire, I have read with interest Mr. Charles Carter's article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of September 12 about the bridge.

Dayes's picture (one of the few which he executed in oils) was painted in or about 1780; like George Robertson, he saw the bridge with the eye of an artist and not that of an engineer, and the bridge itself, with the one abutment visible, takes up only about one-twelfth of the area of the picture



VILLAGE SIGN AT BARROW UPON SOAR, LEICESTERSHIRE, WHICH WAS BUILT TO CELEBRATE QUEEN ELIZABETH II'S CORONATION

See letter: *An Original Sign*

as compared with one-sixth in Robertson's. In Rooker's drawing, which shows both abutments, it takes up nearly one-third.

The point from which Dayes has chosen to make his composition has enabled him to devote more attention to the sky and the river, both of which are exquisitely painted.

The water-colours by Edward Bawden and John Nash in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, to which Mr. Carter refers, had caught my eye also. Apart from other differences between them and the 18th-century paintings and drawings, the lighting of the abutments (so clearly shown in the 1904 photograph) has, of course, greatly altered the pictorial character of the bridge.—A. S. HUTCHINSON, 88, *Lexham-gardens, London, W.8.*

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Mistletoe on Cotoneaster.—It may be rare to see mistletoe on cotoneaster, but I can assure your correspondent (August 22) that it is by no means difficult to propagate. We have here a clump nearly three feet across "planted" by the house gardener, who has at least half a dozen other germinations to his credit on *Cotoneaster horizontalis*. It is, I should think, much more uncommon to see last year's berries of both mistletoe and holly still fresh and plump and in quantity on August 27, as they were here last month.—ANDREW HAGGARD, *The Hilltop Fruit Farm, Ledbury, Herefordshire.*

Chicory in Fields.—I was interested in the article *Wild Flowers of the Stubble-fields* by C. Henry Warren (August 22), particularly because he writes of chicory as being a flower of the edge of fields. Driving from here to Hereford I passed two fields which recently were a blaze of chicory blue, not just at the edges. Both these fields last year were cornfields, but have now been put down to grass. They were a beautiful sight for at least three weeks.—E. VEASEY (Mrs.), *The Stone House, Sutton Saint Nicholas, near Hereford.*

An Old Weigh Beam.—Mr. Cecil French (August 22) says that he knows of four old weigh beams but can locate only the three at Topsham, Exeter and Brixham in Devon. The fourth is in front of the Customs House at Poole, Dorset.—MOLLIE EVANS, *Windrush, Compton-avenue, Lilliput, Dorset.*



HORN MUGS DECORATED WITH (left) A HUNTING SCENE AND PORTRAITS OF (?) QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

See letter: *Portraits on a Horn Mug*

CLUB RUGBY MOVES WITH THE TIMES

By O. L. OWEN

ONCE upon a time, when Greater London and the modern suburbs of every big city were still known as "the surrounding country," the growing number of Rugby clubs had plenty of open meadows, admittedly not always level, from which to choose a ground. In the main, however, only a few bewildered beasts of the field were there to watch them play.

For many years, the chief problems were a lack of playing members and club premises, the difficulties of getting there and back, and the scarcity of essential paraphernalia of all kinds, including suitable attire. Knowledgeable referees, too, were seldom available. To be sure, that deficiency did not matter a great deal until the 'nineties—rough but not so naughty—when that official was actually allowed to blow his whistle whenever he saw a law broken.

moment, I am thinking chiefly of two London clubs who have had to move—literally—with the changing times, but this article might well be about a number of others all over the country.

The decision of Rosslyn Park at long last to leave the Old Deer Park at Richmond and establish a new home at Roehampton has led to another move, that of London Welsh from Herne Hill to the Old Deer Park. Both decisions have revealed a vision and courage, not to mention organising ability, which surely everyone must admire.

Rosslyn Park, who started as a cricket club in the Rosslyn district at Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, in 1879, were singularly fortunate to open their Rugby activities under the influence of a man like the late C. C. Hoyer

It was only two years after the first match in France that Rosslyn Park started their 62 years' occupation of the Old Deer Park. They did so on lease from the Richmond Cricket Club, who, one understands, have now been there for over 200 years. Rosslyn Park did so originally in conjunction with the Old Merchant Taylors, who, incidentally, have just celebrated their 75th anniversary. The O.M.T.s, for their part, moved from the Old Deer Park to Teddington in 1924-5, and thence, in 1936, to their present ground at Croxley Green, in Hertfordshire, where the school had not long found a new site.

As for Rosslyn Park's change of address to Priory-lane, Upper Richmond-road—Roehampton-lane being the eastern boundary—it had long been in mind but largely brought to a head through the energy and drive of a former member of the pack, now president of the club, F. A. Instone. When recently the new ground was formally opened the playing field itself proved to be an impeccably level stretch of turf, half of which had once been used as lawn tennis courts by the Roehampton Club. Already there was some excellent covered accommodation and the new pavilion was as cheerful and well equipped as any reasonable person could desire. Near by, in Richmond Park, are playing pitches for the reserve fiftens.

It also was a happy idea to invite as opponents a French team, Auvergne, who included several international forwards. They handled the ball like cricketers at practice, but still could not develop a scoring movement. There was, in fact, no score until the closing minutes, when a Rosslyn Park place-kicker landed a penalty goal.

It was none the less, and in spite of injuries, a most pleasant occasion, the opening speech coming from the French Ambassador, Monsieur Jean Chauvel, who is no stranger to this country and entered fully into the spirit of things. It was appropriate that a French ambassador should perform this function, for, in Paris, in 1892 the British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, and his wife, had honoured the game between "the Park" and Stade Français by their presence.

London Welsh also had had a change of ground in mind for some time and, when it was discovered that seventy per cent. of the members lived in an area west of Kensington, the efforts to discover a suitable new home were intensified. Among the disabilities of the Herne Hill ground was the fact that one playing field was not nearly enough for the needs of four or five fiftens.

In 1951 negotiations were opened with the idea of acquiring 16 acres near Hounslow West Underground station, but deadlock was reached through the difficulty of obtaining access for pedestrians to the Great West Road. Directly it was learned that Rosslyn Park intended to vacate the Old Deer Park, London Welsh officials approached Richmond Cricket Club and came to an agreement for a joint occupation as from September of this year. This fully preserved the rights, identities and separate revenues of each club. Sixty-six years of the original Crown lease of over 200 years have yet to run and one may be sure that a vital club like London Welsh, under its present distinguished President, Lord Tenby, will set about the task of establishing a new tradition on historic turf with skill and gusto.

For London Welsh a new stand was first requirement and this already has been erected to accommodate 1,200 spectators, at a cost of £7,500. Other developments will include a greatly improved tea-room and bar facilities.

The club opened their season recently with a match against a team of internationals at Twickenham, but their first game at the new home came a week later. Then, again, their opponents were a team of internationals, though now drawn only from Welsh players.



THE ROSSLYN PARK SCRUM-HALF GETTING AWAY WITH THE BALL IN THE FIRST GAME—AGAINST AUVERGNE—ON THE CLUB'S NEW GROUND AT ROEHAMPTON. Since 1894 Rosslyn Park have played at the Old Deer Park, Richmond

Well, that has all altered, and with a vengeance. Grounds have become expensive luxuries, costlier even than odd-looking paintings. They can be acquired and maintained only if there are plenty of paying as well as playing members—a few, for choice, rich, and all ready to work as well as put their hands in their pockets. One knows of instances in which members have helped to build their own pavilions and stands.

More than that. Amateur Rugby has had to develop a strong social side, in which tea-rooms and bars play an important part. The club spirit has had to be fostered as well as smugly praised. The modern spectator, with fair reason, expects some shelter from the weather. Anyone is more than welcome. Unthinking people sometimes complain of the number of girls now often seen at a Rugby match, but I have never heard a club treasurer join in the complaint.

All this adds up to the fact that Rugger is an admirable but demanding sport. The Rugby Football Union, to its infinite credit, is always ready to help with loans at the lowest possible rates of interest, but the fact remains that the clubs who "get-on" and acquire expensive premises needs must look to themselves. At the

Millar. It is recorded that during the struggling adolescence of the club in the 'eighties the membership reached 65, but the gross income only £29 3s. The first migration west was to Gunnersbury Lane in 1885, when the fixture list already was beginning to include a number of outstanding clubs. London Welsh, it may be remarked, were first met in 1891.

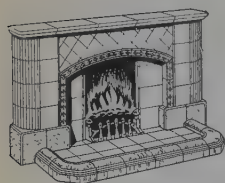
That year was remarkable for the election of a member, H. A. Burlinson, who in the course of time was to become a great secretary. With both Hoyer Millar and Burlinson surviving until after the second War, and still wonderful men for their years, it was not surprising that Rosslyn Park firmly established its reputation for sporting enterprise.

Above all else, indeed, "the Park" will live in Rugby history for two things. As long ago as 1892, they virtually initiated the birth of Anglo-French Rugby by becoming the first English club to play a match in France—against the Stade Français, in Paris. Another event of note was the arrangement before the war of 1914-18 of holiday matches for school-boys, a venture which eventually developed into an institution. These matches, and especially the Schools Sevens, promise to be equally popular at Roehampton.

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

The winner of Crossword No. 1440 is
Mr. D. Wallace,
17, Ashley-gardens,
London, S.W.1.

*First and foremost,
choose a fireplace*



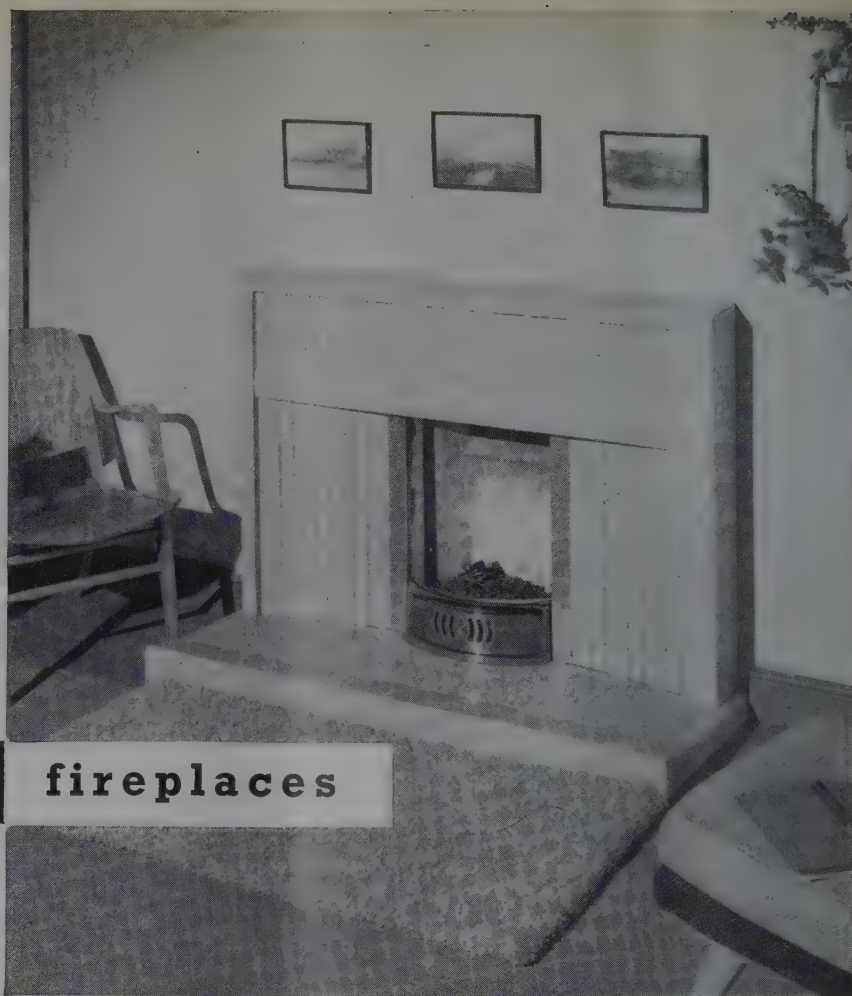
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THE ESTATE MARKET

BUYING A WAY IN

HOW does one know what is a fair price to pay for a farm? This question has been asked in letters to me from two intending buyers who had studied my remarks of a fortnight ago. I then stated that the impending reduction of the armed forces would mean that a considerable number of ex-officers would invest their gratuities, augmented in some instances by private means, in farming, and I suggested that 500 acres of good land would be necessary if a family were to be supported and educated without drawing on capital.

The question is not easily answered. However, there are a few principles to be observed, and these are set out with admirable clarity in Mr. R. R. Ware's *Estate Management for the Farmer* (Geoffrey Bles), a book which was published some years ago, but which still provides a fund of useful information.

"Remember, my boy," says the old valuer to his son in the opening chapter, "that the value of a thing is what it will fetch." And later in the book, in a chapter entitled *Buying Agricultural Land*, Mr. Ware, who at that time was Director of the Agricultural Land Service, examines the truth of the statement.

A SALUTARY REMINDER

FARM land, in common with most other marketable commodities, fluctuates in value in response to demand, and it is salutary to be reminded that its real value "must depend on what it will produce." For example, Mr. Ware stresses that when land is scarce and the pressure to buy is great, and when high prices are paid for possession, there is a tendency to forget that even a scarce commodity can be bought too dear, since security of tenure given by legislation, coupled with the pressure to get farms (which comes from within and without the industry), causes a seller's market and puts prices out of relation to rent.

The only advice that can be given to people who contemplate buying farms, says Mr. Ware, is that they should first get clearly fixed in their minds the economic value of the farm that they have in mind, not forgetting that they will have to stock and equip the land and meet the cost of tenant-right valuation. They will then have to decide how much additional capital they are prepared to sink in order to buy their way in. It is possible, of course, that some of this capital will be recovered when they, in turn, retire from the industry, but the probability is that this capital will be lost. If they have to borrow, they will find that lenders base their calculations on the true, economic value of the farm, and make no addition in respect of vacant possession.

COLD COMFORT

"IT is, perhaps, cold comfort to a man who badly wants a farm to say that the best remedy against extortionate prices is restraint on the part of the buyers themselves," says Mr. Ware. "The buyer who knows his business must, however, remind himself that the farm has an economic value to him as the raw material of his trade; that beyond that there is a margin of reasonable risk on which he can, perhaps, recover himself by exceptional skill or exceptional hard work; but that anything beyond that margin is something to which he must be prepared to say good-bye."

VAYNOL ESTATE SALE

SIR MICHAEL DUFF and the trustees of the Vaynol Settled Estate are to sell all urban properties on this estate, which covers approximately 50,000 acres of Snowdonia, North Wales. The properties to be

sold include many shop and business premises in the middle of Caernarvon, among them the Market Hall, licensed premises and public houses, freehold ground rents, houses and cottages, and these will be submitted to auction on October 31. But the auction of urban properties in Caernarvon does not constitute the entire sale, for the auctioneers, Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners, have also been instructed to sell all the village and country properties that are not occupied as agricultural cottages or needed for farming purposes, and these properties, some 500 in all, will first be offered privately to the tenants.

TOWN WALLS FOR JUBILEE

THE Vaynol estate, which is dominated by Snowdon, and which includes the north side of the mountain and the Llanberis Pass, is one of the largest estates in North Wales, and the Caernarvon portions have played an important part in modern history. For example, in 1911, property in Castle Square belonging to the estate was demolished and the site was given to the town in order to improve facilities for the installation of Prince Edward (later Edward VIII) as Prince of Wales. In 1935 the town walls, which were also part of the estate, were handed over together with certain adjoining properties to the Minister of Works in order to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary.

Although the forthcoming sale will mean a break in the relationship between the Duff and Assheton Smith families and the Borough of Caernarvon, it is thought that the re-development and expansion of important properties in the middle of the town and the consolidation of so large an agricultural estate outside it are bound to be beneficial.

FOR SALE IN YORKSHIRE

AN important auction sale of farm land in Yorkshire scheduled for next month is that of the Horton and Nappa estate, which covers 1,811 acres eight miles from Skipton and close to the Lancashire border. The estate, which is already for sale through Messrs. Strutt and Parker, Lofts and Warner and Messrs. T. H. Taylor and Co., of Skipton, is offered by the trustees of the late Col. J. W. Baxendale and consists of ten attested dairy and stock farms and a period fishing cottage with a total rent roll of over £3,000 a year.

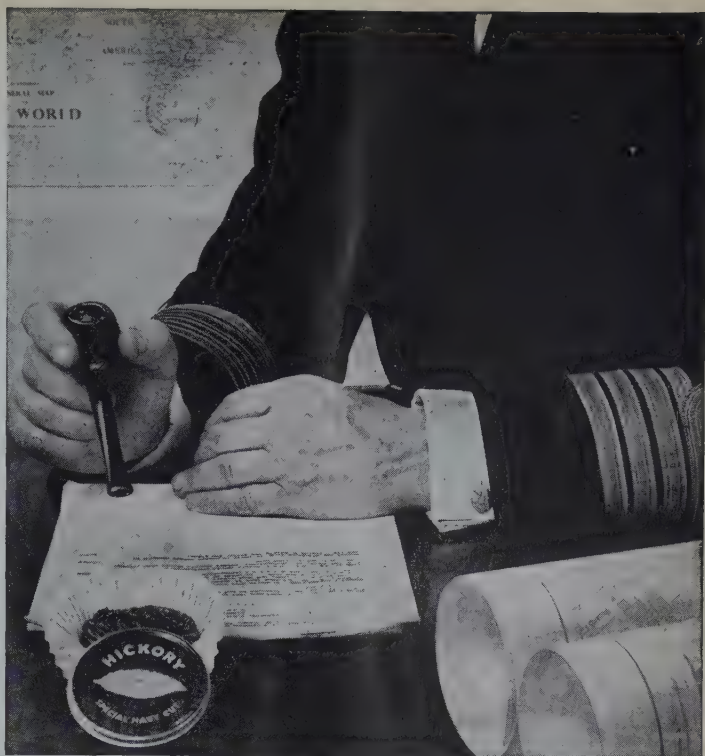
£30,000 FOR CORNISH FARM

TWO auction sales in which Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have recently been concerned were of agricultural land. The larger of the properties was Coswarth, a T.T. and attested farm of 592 acres enclosed by a ring fence at St. Columb, near Newquay, which they offered with possession in partnership with Messrs. J. Tremain May and Trevail, local agents, and for which £30,000 was obtained.

The second sale concerned Dunsfold Grange and Hookhouse Farm, a medium-sized house with a farm of 178 acres situated in and around the village of Dunsfold near the borders of Surrey and Sussex. The properties, which were auctioned by order of the executors of the late Duke of Westminster, were available with possession, and realised £18,510. Messrs. Weller and Co. were co-agents.

M.P. SELLS HOME

BEECHFIELD, Yealand Conyers, Carnforth, Lancashire, and 20 acres have been sold by Sir Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. This firm also acted for him in the recent purchase of his new home, Strachur Park, Argyllshire. PROCURATOR.



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PRIORY FARM, BRITWELL SALOME

LYING ON THE SLOPES of the Chiltern Hills, near Watlington in Oxfordshire, Priory Farm comprises 2,300 acres of cultivated land, 1,600 of which are devoted to corn crops. The farm carries 500 head of Friesian cattle, 400 Scottish half-bred white-faced ewes for breeding, and a large flock of Rhode Island Red and Light Sussex Poultry hatching about 10,000 pullets a year. There are also 100 breeding sows, mostly saddlebacks, and a pedigree herd of Landrace. In the Nettlebed and

District Farm Competition for 1956, Priory Farm was winner of the R. W. Haddon Challenge Trophy for the best farm over 400 acres, and also won the E. W. Brooks Challenge Cup for the best farm in the whole Competition.

The owner, Mr. Richard Roadnight, is a well-known pioneer of advanced farming techniques, and has carried out many experiments, particularly in mechanisation, with remarkable success. For his four crawler and ten wheel tractors, and for his

grain drier, Mr. Roadnight uses fuel supplied by the Shell and BP Farm Service.

Besides providing top-quality fuels and lubricants the Shell and BP Farm Service is helpful to farmers in many other ways, with technical information on methods of storing petroleum products, and supplies of booklets on poultry rearing and other matters connected with mechanised farming. Another feature of the Service is the showing of films which are of interest to all farmers and countrymen.

FARMING NOTES

GRASS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

THOSE who will sit with Sir Sydney Caine, the chairman on the Grassland Utilisation Committee, have now been appointed by the Minister of Agriculture. The members include several farmers: Mr. J. Rowsell, of Hampshire, Mr. A. G. Algeo, past president of the Ulster Farmers' Union, Mr. J. R. Barron, of Brechin, Angus, and Mr. R. Chapman, of Monmouthshire. I am disappointed that there is no one on the farming side of the committee who comes from the West of England or the West of Scotland, where grass grows best and where, one would think, there is the greatest scope for using grass to better advantage to secure economies in imports in feeding-stuffs. This is the main object which the Government has in mind in setting up this committee and it seems to me important that the committee should thoroughly understand the point of view of the small grass-land farmers who are large users of imported feeding-stuffs. However, there are on the committee two professors from the western half of the country, Professor D. S. Hendrie, Principal of West of Scotland Agricultural College, and Professor H. I. Moore, Principal of Seale-Hayne Agricultural College, Devon. The Committee will need to give full weight to evidence from the grass districts if its recommendations are to be really useful.

Silage Abandoned

COMMENTING on the recent note here reporting the appointment of this Grassland Committee a West Sussex farmer writes: "Here on this 120-acre dairy farm I conceive that I need the earliest possible spring grass and good early summer grass. Likewise I must make all the hay I need for the 12 months. I have given up silage in favour of more kale because of the labour difficulty, because grass land available for silage is better grazed and because arable land (which could be used for silage crops) is best used to grow feed corn (barley, oats and beans and also wheat for poultry) and as much straw as I need for litter. In late summer and autumn I find myself with more grass than I need for my stock, especially after a wet summer, and this grass prevents my top milkers from taking their proper ration of concentrates; my milk production suffers in consequence." I hope that this farmer and others with different problems will be forthcoming when the committee invites evidence from practical men.

Crop Yields

GRAIN harvest was all but completed in the southern half of the country and midlands by the middle of September, but some of the later crops suffered serious loss in the gales and rainstorms. Those who could make an early start and had plenty of mechanised strength scored best. Unfortunately much of the spring wheat was slow to ripen and came late to harvest. There was also a good deal of delayed ripening in the barley crops, especially on the stiffer soils that could not be planted early in the spring. But oats suffered most severely from the difficult working conditions last spring after a winter when the lack of frost gave no natural tilth for the seed bed. Even so the Ministry of Agriculture estimated at the beginning of September that the yield of wheat in England and Wales would be 25.3 cwt. per acre, compared with the 5-year average of 24.1 cwt. and a yield of 24.7 cwt. in September, 1956. Despite the lodging of some barley and the shedding of grain from the crops battered by the storms, the average barley yield is

expected to be 22.5 cwt., which is almost up to the 5-year average, though considerably below last year's yield of 23.8 cwt. The oats yield is poor. The Ministry's forecast is 18.9 cwt., compared with the 5-year average of 20.3 cwt. and the yield of 20.1 cwt. in September, 1956. Evidently improvement in the strains of oats has not kept pace with the improvement in wheat varieties.

Potatoes will be Scarce

BLIGHT has been spreading among the main potato crops all over the country and many farmers have thought it best to kill off the tops by spraying early, even though this means sacrificing some weight of crop. Diseased tubers, to which the fungus spores have spread from the haulm, are troublesome and profitless. Even so, there will be some blighted tubers when the main crops are lifted. The Ministry forecast the yield of second early and main crop varieties at 8 tons to the acre, compared with a 5-year average of 8.6 tons and a yield of 8.8 tons last year. Both acreage and yield have fallen this year. There will be no surplus problem for the Potato Marketing Board. I do not know how the potato crops have fared in Holland and Germany, the countries from which we have sometimes in the past imported potatoes to make good a deficiency here. If any question of potato imports arises I hope that the Potato Marketing Board will be allowed to handle the business. In the spring of 1956 when the ports were opened to imports for a time there was a mad rush with unnecessarily large purchases, which resulted in the markets being oversupplied and finally a costly waste of potatoes which should never have been shipped here.

Treatment for Husk

A CHEMICAL, cyanacethydrazide, which has been known for years, is now being used with some success for the treatment of husk or lung-worm in cattle, sheep and pigs. Research centres have been testing this drug, which farmers can use in powder form in the animal's food or as a drench. Mr. S. Cheveley, chairman of Central Agricultural Control of I.C.I., states that in a wet summer 600,000 cattle may be seriously affected by husk. They do not all die, but they lose condition, and if this waste can be stopped at economical cost it will be a boon. The drug does not kill the worms, but forces them to move up into the windpipe to be swallowed and destroyed. They are stupefied and pour out into the lung while incapacitated. The treatment will not repair damage to the lung or clear up pneumonia, so early treatment is essential. When at this time of year a few calves start to cough or breathe heavily, all the animals in the group should be treated. They need three doses given over a period of three weeks.

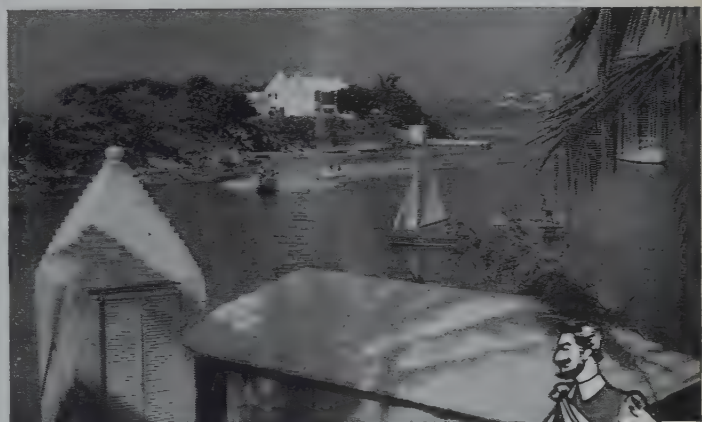
Egg Sizes and Prices

GRADING sheets from the packing station show a fairly even spread of the different classes since the grading system was made more detailed last month. Last week's sheet showed: large, 23 dozen at 5s. 6½d.; standard, 21 dozen at 4s. 9½d.; medium, 30 dozen at 3s. 6½d.; and smalls, 14 dozen at 3s. 0½d. (taking the nearest dozen all through). We should put up a better performance as the season advances and the 1957 pullets now just in lay give us larger eggs. The large egg takes the housewife's eye and pleases her husband on the breakfast table, but the medium and small sizes at present prices offer the best value.

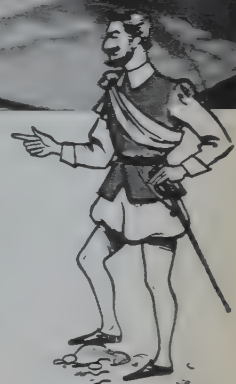
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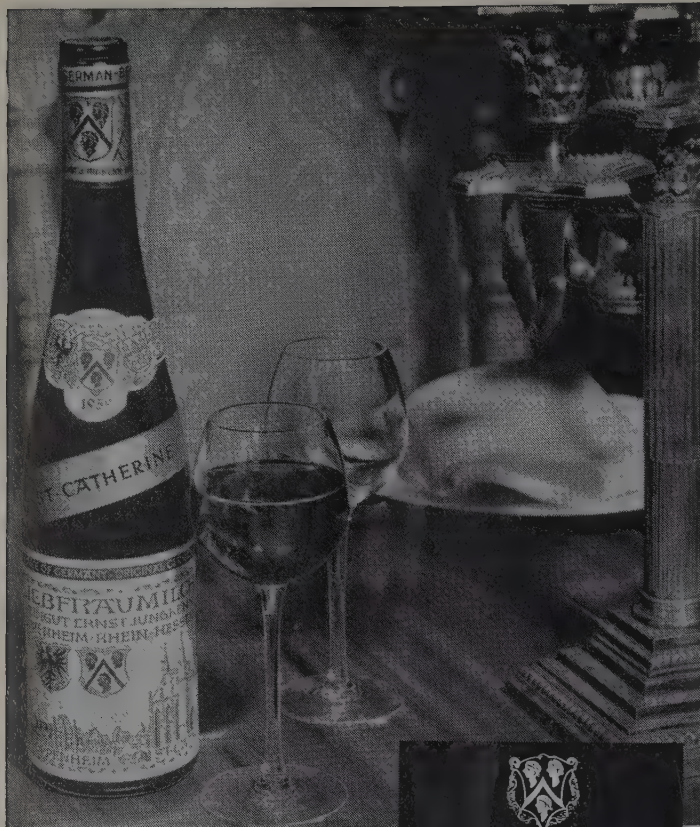
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NEW BOOKS

A TEMPERAMENTAL EMPIRE-BUILDER

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I WONDER why it is that Sir Harry Johnston is so little known. I am a reasonably well-read person, but, though I know a great deal about, for example, Cecil Rhodes, with whom Johnston came to a head-on clash, I knew virtually nothing of Johnston till I read Roland Oliver's *Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa* (Chatto and Windus, 30s.). He was at least as important a man as Rhodes, and his prophetic insight into the probable future of Africa was deeper than Rhodes's. He did all sorts of spectacular things in the way of exploration and administration; he commanded troops in action; he was a novelist, an anthropologist, a

element in the Foreign Office gave him the cold shoulder. This was not true in Johnston's case. So long as Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary and Sir Percy Anderson was head of the permanent staff, Johnston had sturdy supporters at home, though even they at times were thrown into consternation and alarm. This happy situation changed later under Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Clement Hill, but Johnston to begin with had a wonderful run for his money.

Salisbury's minutes on Foreign Office documents concerning Johnston throw much light on that great statesman's humour and forbearance. There

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON AND THE SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA By Roland Oliver

(Chatto and Windus, 30s.)

THE ELEGANT EDWARDIAN. By Ursula Bloom

(Hutchinson, 15s.)

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by John Hadfield

(Hutchinson, 30s.)

botanist, a zoologist, a linguist; his pictures hung regularly in the Royal Academy; but somehow time has elbowed him into the shadows on the fringes of fame.

His only protracted and consistent education was as an artist, but the name Harry Johnston hardly occurs when we consider the artists of his time, and the same is true of him as a novelist. Where did he go wrong? Was he too versatile, too volatile, to be among those whose lives leave ineradicable grooves in the years through which they pass? All these questions arise out of the book now before us—a book that is both scholarly and beautifully readable, a remarkable book indeed to come from an author still only in his middle thirties.

AN IMPETUOUS MAN OF ACTION

Like Roger Casement, Johnston almost drifted into consular work in Africa. A thing to be remembered about consular work in Africa at the time is that the "scramble" mentioned in Dr. Oliver's title was on, and the consul had not that quick access to headquarters provided to-day by telephone, telegraph and radio. The scramble could lead to situations that needed prompt action, and a man who waited for a boat to go to England, for the wheels of diplomacy to move slowly to a decision, and for another boat to bring back the answer—such a man would have found all the tricks taken before he had played a card. England, France, Portugal, Belgium and Germany were the main players, and Johnston was temperamentally not the man to confine his games to patience. Small and not impressive in appearance, he combined considerable qualities of vision with the impetuosity of a man of action. His dispatches were apt to say what he had done rather than to ask what he ought to do.

It has been said of Casement that he was made fractious and at last traitorous because the "old school tie"

was an episode in which Johnston was at loggerheads with an African chief of whom he said that he had once been a mere slave. Against this Salisbury wrote: "Why should we object to such an honourable termination of his career?" Against a request by Johnston, which was in fact the announcement of a *fait accompli*, Salisbury wrote: "I suppose he must receive the assurance for which he asks, as he has put us in the position where we shall do more harm by dropping than by supporting him. He is a resolute but singularly lawless personage." Another time, when the *enfant terrible* was in diplomatic hot water, Salisbury wrote: "It is a mistake to pull too much at Johnston's bit. Better let this pass." Then there was an occasion when Johnston wanted the Admiralty to lend him a gunboat, and Salisbury minuted: "He will be worse on land than at sea. Let him have it"; and when a certain move was suggested for Johnston, Lord Salisbury wrote: "I doubt about giving the Bull a consulship in the China-shop." On the whole, the old man had an affectionate admiration, tinged with apprehension, for his young servant.

CONTEMPT FOR CECIL RHODES

During part of Johnston's life he was at the same time a British representative and a paid servant of Rhodes's British South Africa Company. To serve these two masters and please them both was impossible. From all of Johnston's conduct this generalisation can be made. Whatever he may have thought of "imperialism" as an abstract idea, he was faced with an existing situation in which Africa was being scrambled for. He believed that England had something supremely important to give, namely (as he came more and more to see) a guiding hand towards self-government. If an "insulting" policy were pursued, he was to write, the blacks of the world would rise "some day in a vast league against

Amalgerwocky

("It must be something to do with Guinness getting together with Callard & Bowser," said Alice.)



'T was thrillog, when the toffee coves
Did bowse and callard till, licklipt,
All glesome were the kiddiedroves,
While the Mumdads upsipt -

Upsipt their Guinness. Gnormous luck!
The taste of both is tip-top-notch;
Enjoy the glug-glug glass, or suck
The munchant Butter-Scotch.

Ah, did you mutter Butter-Scotch?
Leave some for us, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callard, callay!
We'll bowser in our joy.



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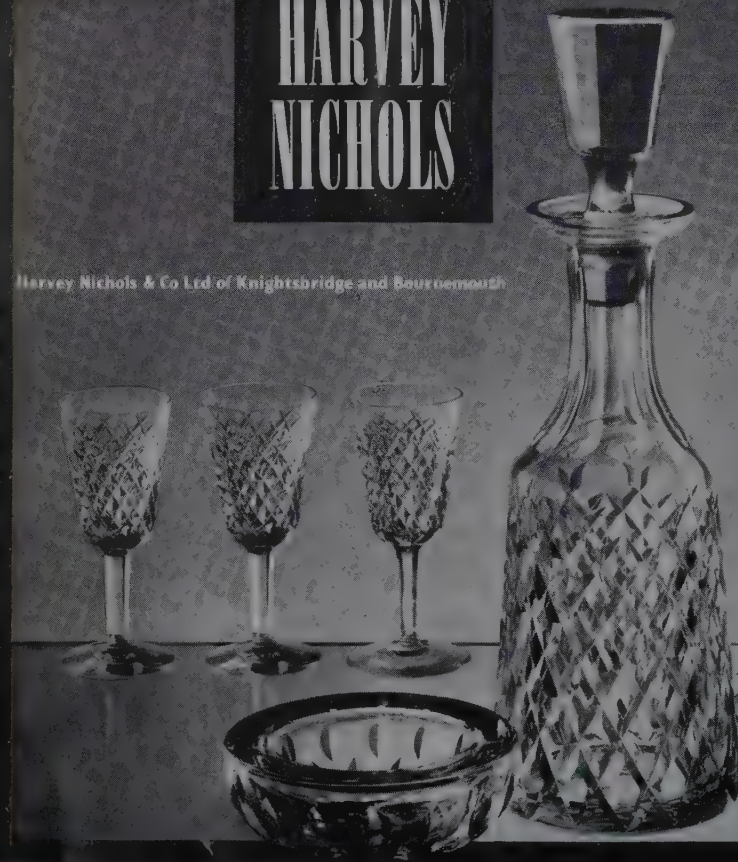
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REVIEWS by HOWARD SPRING—continued

Europe and America, which will set back the millennium and perhaps even ruin humanity in general." With these ideas beginning to stir in his mind, he found intolerable Rhodes's pressure upon him to support what he more and more came to consider as a merely commercial enterprise. It was, if you like, "good" imperialism facing "bad" imperialism, and it ended in rupture. Rhodes gave him, says Dr. Oliver, "undying hatred" to which Johnston returned contempt.

This seems to me to be a model book. The author has industriously pursued every shred of evidence, and, while giving us his picture of Johnston, who stirs in me that same feeling of affection tempered by annoyance that Salisbury had, recreates for us the atmosphere of that time when the acquisitive, the adventurous and the humane instincts of Europe boiled up and swept across a continent. I have said nothing about the details of this great sweep, but they make exciting reading.

LIFE IN A WARWICKSHIRE VICARAGE

At the time when all this was going on in Africa, there were quiet corners in England where, if the outside world intruded at all, it was as a far-off rumour, and it was vulgar to say "napkin." The right word, says Miss Ursula Bloom, was "serviette." (It is amusing to remember that in a recent discussion of "U" and "Non-U" habits, propriety had the words the other way round.) Miss Bloom, brought up in a Warwickshire rectory, with a father given to kissing girls in the vestry, and toying with ladies' fingers, and uttering such come-hither words as "Sweets to the sweet" when passing the sugar; and with a mother who thought that Father ought to be thinking more seriously about becoming a dean instead of spending so much time on improving Lady Warwick's garden and helping her with literary work—Miss Bloom, we say, was obviously heading for domestic disruption, which comes late in the book when she and Mother are in rooms at Stratford, while Father has a lady in the rectory "as house-keeper." Miss Bloom says: "We had to connive with Harvey at covering this position, otherwise the Bishop might have had to act."

Well, here was "crime passionnel in agricultural places" (Masefield) with a vengeance; and the world was changing, for Lady Warwick became a Labour woman in days when even "Liberals were considered to be somewhat *infra dig*." However, Mother remained a Tory, despite all, though she became, somewhat mildly, a Suffragette.

QUARREL WITH MARIE CORELLI

The Elegant Edwardian is the title (Hutchinson, 15s.), and one of the leading players is Miss Marie Corelli, a neighbour and perpetual thorn in the flesh. Ursula was only a child when Marie began to take an interest in her and asked her to lunch. In the presence of Bridger the butler "I repeated the tittle-tattle of our own servants' regions, and I asked Marie Corelli if she had been divorced." That, as they say, tore it! Disruption between Corelli and Bloom households. But Rector Bloom was a man who could hold his own. Marie wrote a pamphlet in which she disparaged Ben Jonson, and the rector "came back" with another pamphlet in which he expressed surprise that Marie should

speak contemptuously of Jonson's lowly birth. At least, he said, "he was born in lawful wedlock." This was a privilege Marie herself had not enjoyed; and thus the rector exhibited the Christian virtue of turning the other cheek. No wonder the girls adored him!

No one can say that life was dull in Stratford and thereabouts at that time, and Miss Bloom puts it all down with a *navel* of spirit and a slapdashery of style that are beyond dispraise. Take this: "When there was a dinner party the children were allowed to see the dinner table prepared before actually going to bed. Draped in the best damask, the glasses and silver were highly polished." What does "actually" mean in the first sentence? Nothing. As for the second sentence, the thought of the glasses and silver being draped in the best damask is entrancing.

A DISCRIMINATING ANTHOLOGY

Mr. John Hadfield, the able editor of *The Saturday Book*, which now makes its 17th appearance (Hutchinson, 30s.) says in an introduction: "We have so far resisted the temptation to explain what *The Saturday Book* is, and why it is what it is." However he does cast some light on the matter. "It has no more literary, aesthetic or social pretensions than a casual gathering of congenial friends in a room which happens to contain an assortment of pleasant bric-à-brac, *objets d'art*, and comfortable curiosities." I am thankful to Mr. Hadfield for this definition, or adumbration, for it is, as he says, difficult for the reviewers to find "anything new to say about the Old Faithful year after year." The difficulty is not the less because one feels one must say *something* about a book that is, in each of its incarnations, so choice, so idiosyncratic and so keepable. And to be one of those books that people keep must surely be any book's supreme ambition.

My difficulty is this year not less because I am myself the author of one of the articles—on L. S. Lowry, that most individual of contemporary painters, who is now 70. So I shall say nothing about that except that the illustrations are admirable and that I wish I had not had to allow Lord Beaverbrook to buy *Yachts at Lytham* while I was hesitating as to whether I could afford to buy it myself.

CALENDARS FOR 1958

THE 1958 series of COUNTRY LIFE calendars offers a wide variety of fine pictures. *Beautiful Britain in Colour* (12s.; 8s. 6d. posted abroad) includes views of Derwentwater, sunset over the Thames at London and a meet of the Avon Vale Hunt; *Hills of Britain in Colour* (10s. 6d.; 7s. 3d. posted abroad) has photographs by W. A. Poucher, the scenes of which range from the majestic Coolins in Skye to the quiet Surrey hills. In black-and-white there are *Beautiful Britain* (6s.; 5s. 9d. posted abroad), including photographs of the Sussex Downs, cricket on a village green, Princes-street in Edinburgh and the rocks off Land's End; *Birds of Britain* (6s.; 5s. 6d. posted abroad), with Eric Hoskings's pictures of kites, egrets, bee-eaters and many other birds; and *Horse Lovers* (6s.; 5s. 6d. posted abroad), which has photographs of many sorts of horses on many occasions. *George Houghton's A Calendar for Golf Addicts* (6s.; 5s. 6d. posted abroad) contains light-hearted cartoons showing golfers in various probable and improbable predicaments.

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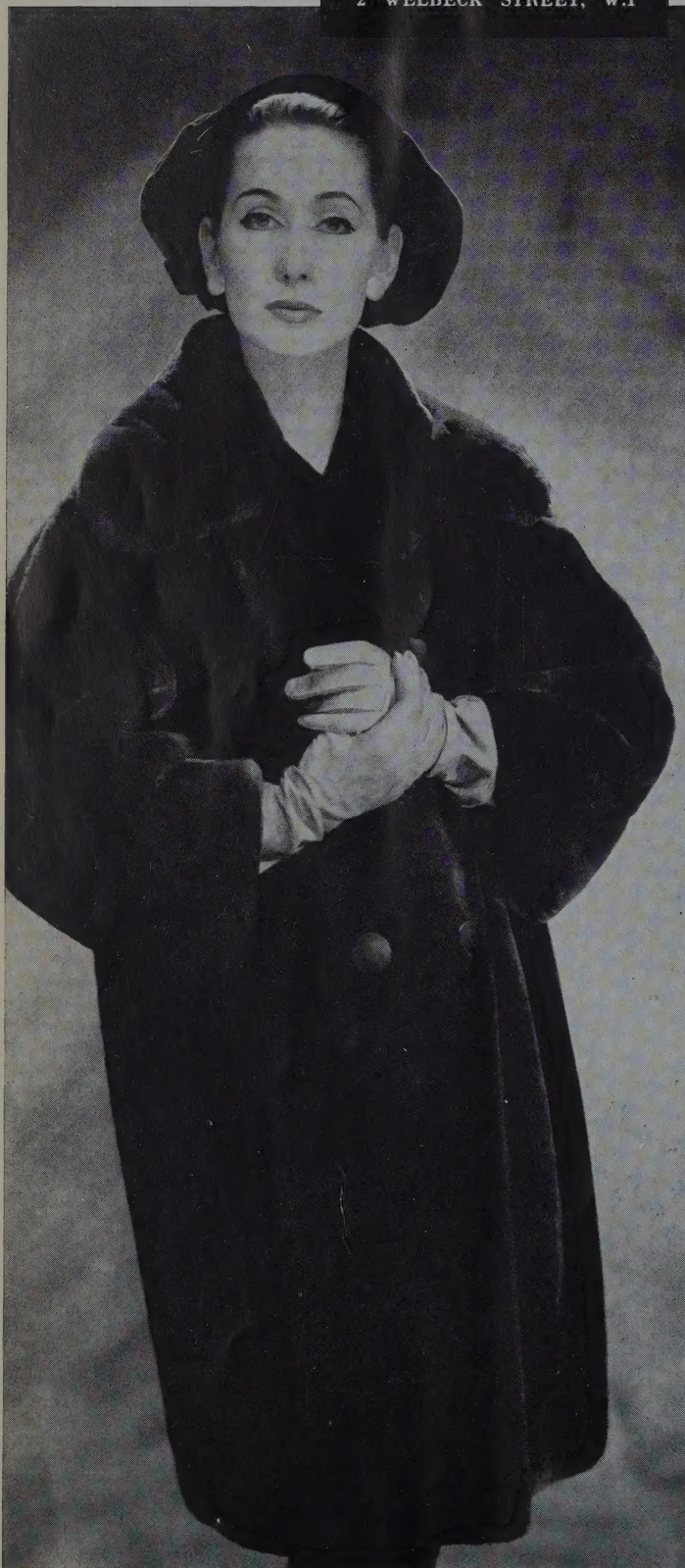
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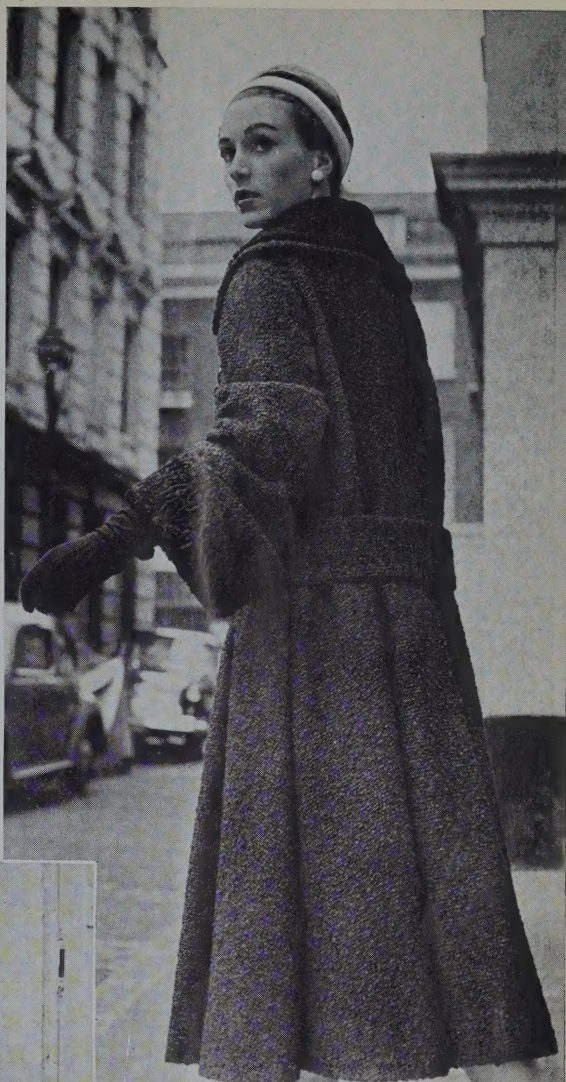
The Winter Coat Story



(Left) Autumnal colours blend for a tweed woven in large lozenges broken by white. The sleeve is set in with slanting seams below the shoulder-line, and collar and revers are left unstiffened (Jaeger)

(Right) A dark rough tweed, falling in folds, has collar and cuffs of Persian lamb (Koupy)

(Below) Sleek cloth in geranium pink is cut with a broad panel down the front to fall away from the figure (Koupy). Mink and velvet beret (D. Carlton)



COATS in the new collections look very different from the straight and narrow styles of the past summer. Contours vary considerably and the only shape that seems completely out is the full-skirted coat with a pronounced waist.

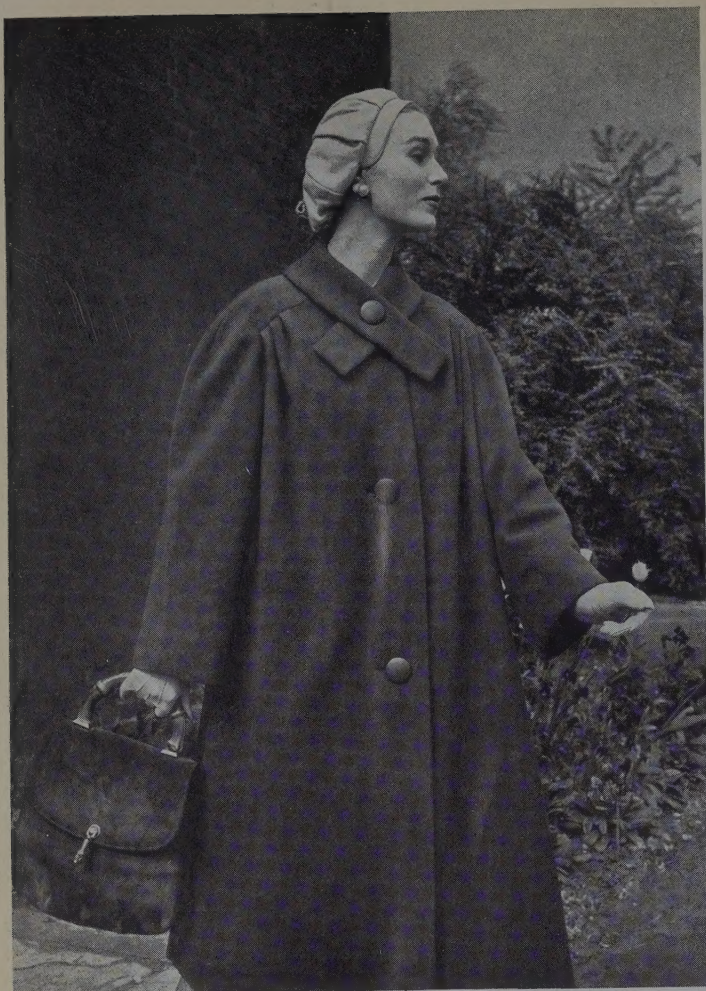
Tapering hems appear on many coats accompanied by a bulky cut about the shoulders. They are smartest in dark tweeds with fur roll collars or the wide collar of Balenciaga that folds back on a high horizontal line below the shoulders. In smooth cloth of a vivid pimento pink this is an exceedingly smart design, curved so that it faintly indicates the figure, yet falls away from it. Deep folds behind easy armholes accentuate the bulky look around the shoulders. Fur-trimmed cloth coats, as well as dark tweedy mixtures, are wider about the waists than this one and taper a trifle towards the hems, so that they become cocoon-shaped. They button on the hem, again at the waist and a third time at the throat. The fur collars range from high pyramid-shaped ones to wide shawls that can be folded in several ways, and there are neat turn-down ones as well shown on coats with these dimensions.

Gores flow out from narrow shoulders on some of the Dior-inspired overcoats to a wide circular hem. Collars are narrow and tailored and armholes deep and easy. Decoration is restricted to narrow bands of the cloth circling the coat about knee-level and buckling over the join in the centre front or something equally restrained. Other wide coats are cut with the flowing ample gores of a cape with a wide swirling hem, and again a neat narrow collar. Velours and duveteen make these coats in rich deep jewel shades or in black or one of the "fur" browns, mink or beaver. Black with a brown fur collar is a favourite combination or a glowing red with wide black revers of Persian lamb or sealskin.

The mohair and nylon coatings of Ascher that are as light and warm as a Highland blanket can be worn belted in without looking

cumbersome, even if the coat is almost as voluminous as a cape. Three versions of this are having a great success. One has a bouclé curl all over, a second has a shaggy surface and a third, an outsize plaid, has thin lines of shaggy mohair in white or a strong colour laid on the fleecy black background. Alternatively the pattern will be black on a deep-coloured ground. Michael uses the black-and-white plaid for a plain coat with wide flat collar and deep pockets and belted in smartly with black leather. Ronald Paterson's coat in curled mohair the colour of butterscotch is worn over a sheath dress in the same colour. This colour is also being shown by several wholesalers for sack dresses and also sheath dresses that are short and simple with brief sleeves and cut-out square or oval necklines.

The Dior coats in his London collection illustrate the easy-fitting silhouette at its most elegant and wearable. All the coats fall away from the figure; some are belted all round well below the natural waistline. On others deep pleats run down in front and at the back of the deep armholes and continue to the waistline where the folds converge and form a point. For an olive green outfit he chooses a thick fleecy tweed that has a low half-belt at the back, slit pockets very low down either side in front and, instead of a collar, a scarf that muffles the throat. The supple dress underneath is a "sack" with a tie round the waist, over which the bodice pouches. This is an intelligent treatment of a fashion that has been killed almost before it arrived, for the dress is becoming with the break at the waist; a great deal of shaping and darting has been necessary to achieve its soft lines and easy cut. An off-white coat is another lovely design with a broad belt placed all round below the natural waistline and small folds falling from the shoulders. On a black hopsack a cravat emerges from a narrow collar at the back and tucks into the V left by revers. It covers an elegant pouched and narrow dress. Black satin and pimento satin evening



Sleeves and yoke are cut in one for this crimson velours coat, and the wide fronts are pleated in. A cravat that buttons in front takes the place of a collar (Bickler)

Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

coats flare out in gores from narrow shoulders over strapless matching dresses. The pimento coat has an oval folded stand-up collar and the cuffs and collar of black velvet. The dress combines the velvet and satin for an overskirt effect.

Neil Roger showed some distinguished coats in his autumn collection; patch pockets set on at different angles, large buttons placed at an unusual point and fox fur trimmings added interest to his elegant, yet plain, designs. Outstanding was a roan duveteen coat with cross-cut front, full back and an enormous Aleutian red fox fur collar and cuffs on three-quarter-length sleeves. A black and brown striped ottoman wool coat was plain as a shift, buttoning high to the neck, with no collar, but belted round the hips. A wide-hemmed coat in blue-black tweed was also buttoned to the neck with no collar, but this time the interest was on the large pockets gathered on to a band and set on diagonal lines. Another in black shot violet tweed was also buttoned high, but it had a tiny stand-away collar. In the back there were two very large loose pleats flowing out from a deep curving yoke.

COUNTRY coats are the plainest of all and have the faintest flare in the back or slight fullness held in by a low-placed half-belt. They are in bold check or herring-bone tweeds and often in lively combinations of colour. Some keep the classic narrow collar and revers like a man's, but others favour the fashionable wide collars that fold back in points. Brown and white are the favourite combination for the outsize herring-bone weaves, but checks are often composed of five or six strong colours side by side. The tweeds possess a homespun look, but have not any of the rough boldly-coloured flecks that have been fashionable, being altogether smoother of surface.

All the blond tones of mink and beaver look exceedingly smart when they are worked on loose casual lines and the coat is belted in at the back well below the natural waistline. More formal shapes in mink have the big shawl collar and the deep armhole of the cloth coats and taper towards the hem. They have wide fronts that can wrap across. Sheared racoon has been revived and musquash, another hard-wearing, less expensive pelt, is treated and stranded, bleached and dyed so that it also can be white, ivory, or a honey or blond tone, as well as the ordinary browns.

The shorter coats, either hip-length or three-quarter-length, are now usually termed motor coats, and they are kept essentially plain with lively linings and fastenings. A number derive from the duffel coat and, whether tweed, proofed poplin or camelhair, they possess a certain *élan* with frogged, buckled or toggle fastenings and very gay and warm linings. Hoods often button on and the quilted linings can

be unzipped and removed. Lillywhites show some in showerproof Austrian "loden" cloth with horn buttons and pockets and shoulder yokes outlined by double rows of stitching. Velours and duveteens make another group that are more urban, many being double-breasted with wide collars and some being finished by roll collars and cuffs of ribbed wool knitting of the same colour or black. The three-quarter coats are kept to plain and narrow outlines. Boldly flecked darkish tweeds look smart with a lining of white pile wool or nylon or smooth scarlet cloth or tartan, collars and revers being as severe as a man's and sleeves plain.

All the shoes in the Rayne collection have closed toes, even a gold brocade mule that is studded with jewels and has a broad band of gold elasticised mesh that holds it firmly on and comes right up over the instep. Fabric shoes are numerous. There are delightful court shoes in fur felt that will match a hat. These have the pointed toe and heel that run through the whole collection and a satin bow to match. Other shoes are made from horsehair and, for evening, from cut velvet in flowered patterns. These have a high and pointed heel and are quite plain and very brightly coloured and are intended for wear with the short sheath evening dress in plain satin or velvet. Satin heels and bows appear on suede slippers in the same shades. A silk rose composed of many petals decorates some evening shoes instead of a buckle. A warm beige is a lovely shade for crocodile. Crocodile shoes have the same pointed toe and heel and are being made in five colours, their only decoration being a narrow roll of the leather lying across the top of the vamp with gold metal ends. A stacked leather heel is new on the more solid walking shoes and is a very practical proposition as it can be very easily repaired. Black patent leather is strongly represented in the range for town and cocktail shoes. All have neat decoration, usually a tiny bow of some kind in satin or leather. The vamps are well cut down on each side, which slims the foot, and a medium heel is usual.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



This smart camel-coloured woollen coat, with large pockets, raglan sleeves and turn-back cuffs, is showerproof (Telemac)